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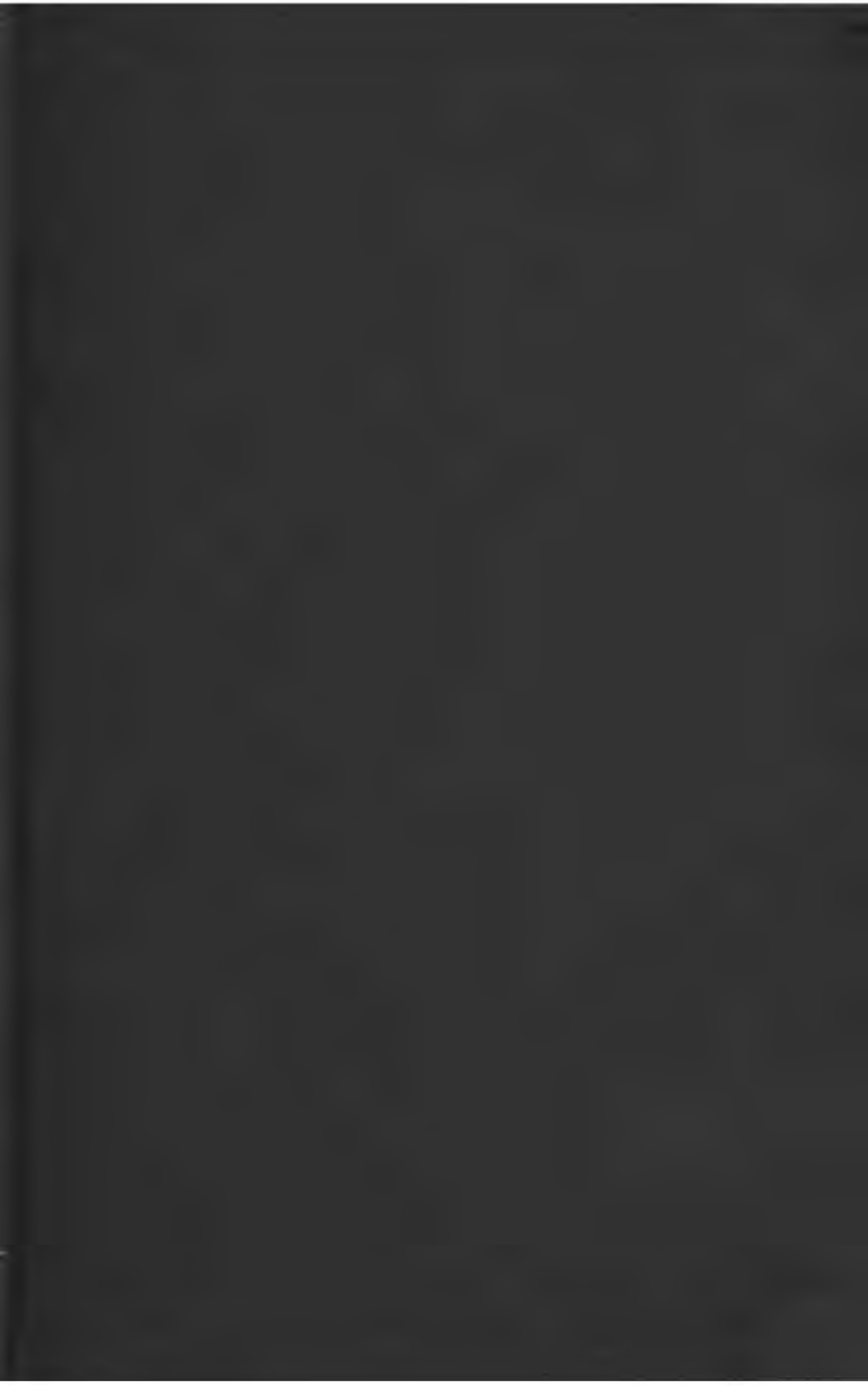
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ECHOES
FROM DREAM-LAND

BY

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER





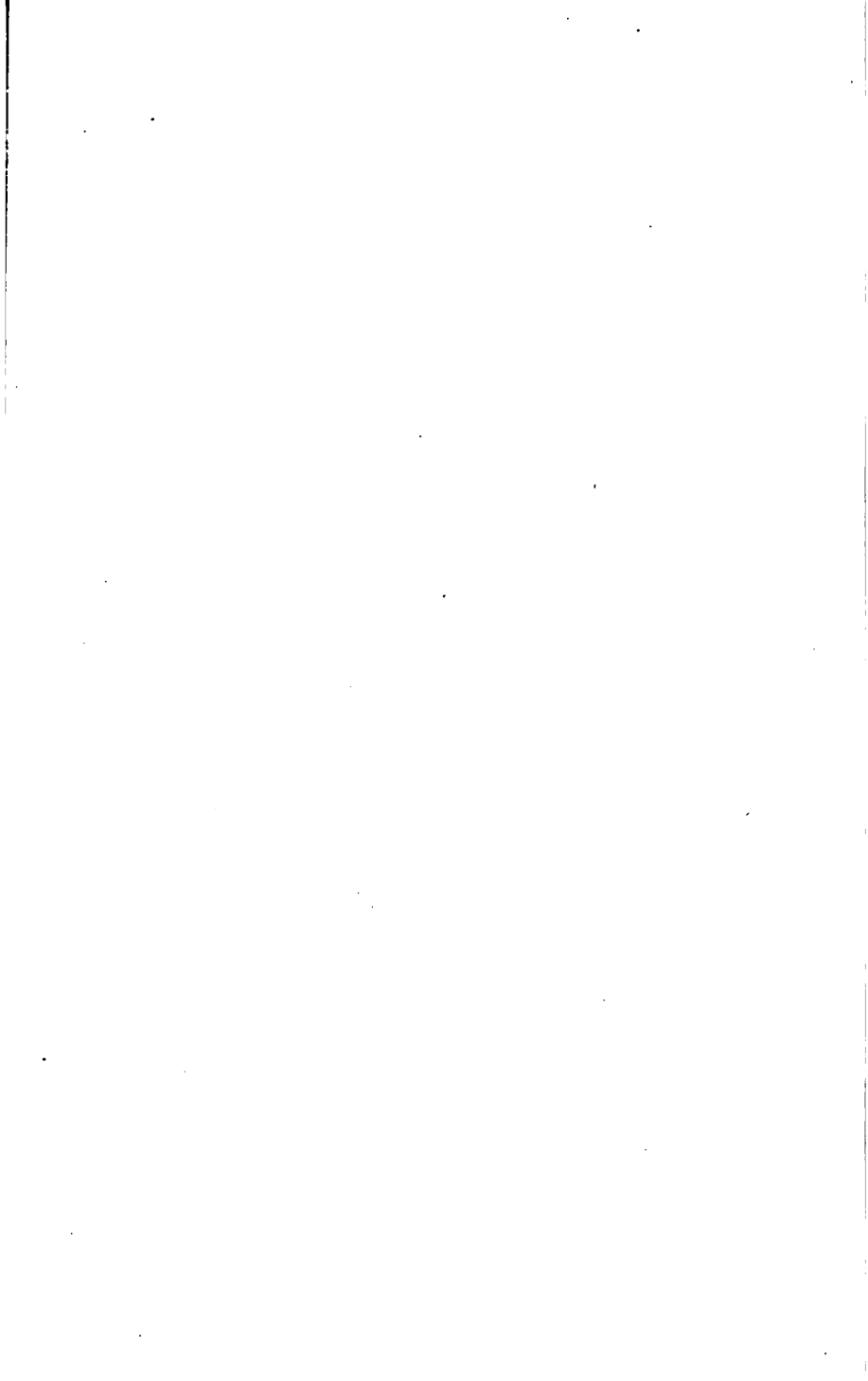
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Tupper

Echoes from

Dream-land.



ECHOES FROM
DREAM-LAND

BY

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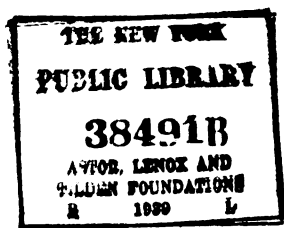
Principal of Arms Academy

AND

AUTHOR OF "MOONSHINE."

Shelburne Falls,
Massachusetts.

1890.
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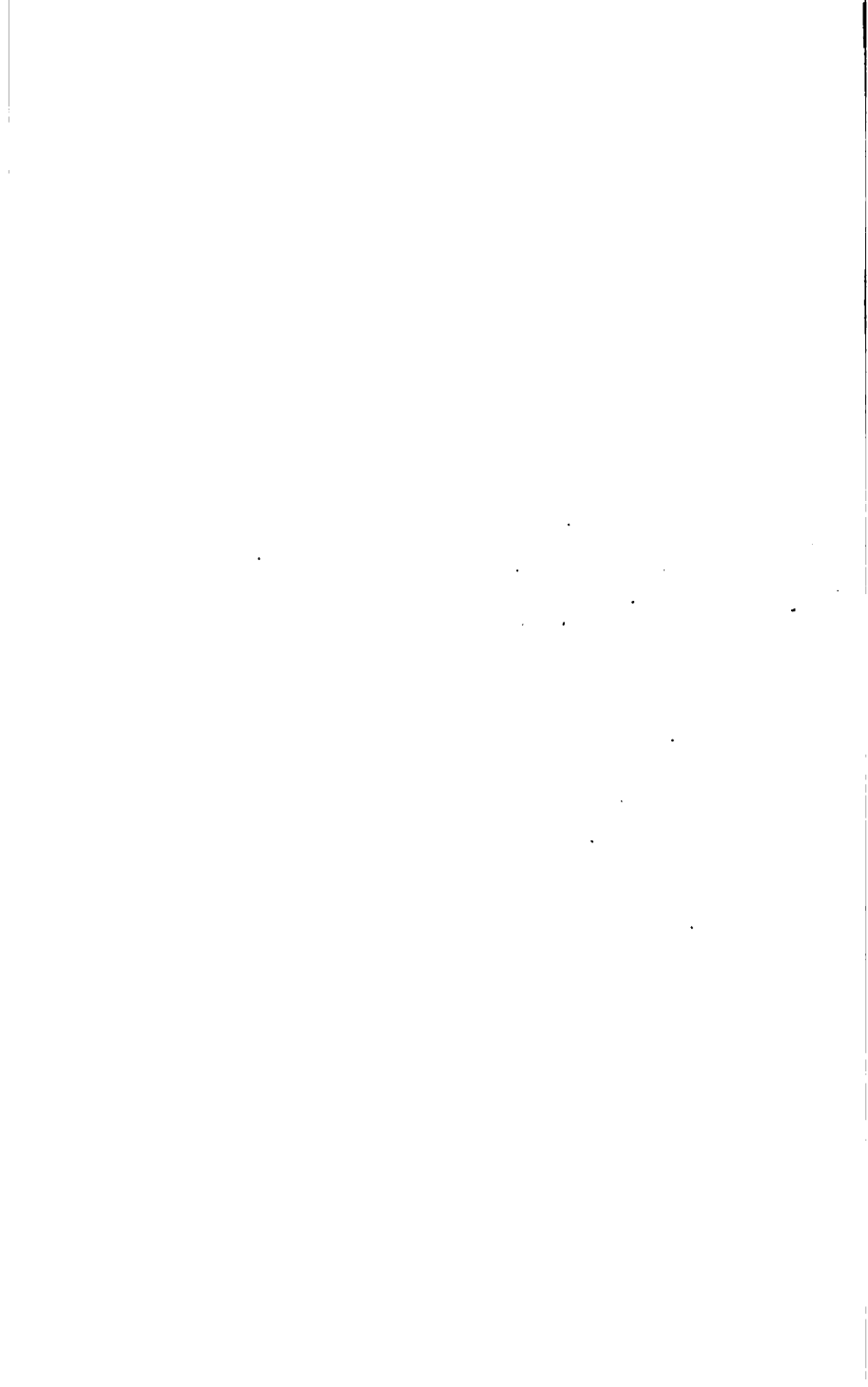
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DEDICATION:

WHATEVER THIS BOOK CONTAINS
OF LOVE OR BEAUTY OR TRUTH IS
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY
BELOVED WIFE, MARY ISABEL VAN
BUSKIRK TUPPER, THE LOVING, THE
BEAUTIFUL, THE TRUE.

WOR 19 FEB 36



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
O Unseen Land of Loveliness, ...	1
Three Songs, ...	2
Sunset.	3
The Seasons, ...	3
A Mid-winter Night's Dream, ...	4
Spring in Winter, ...	6
A Grave-yard by Moonlight, ...	7
Una, ...	7
Blonde and Brunette, ...	8
The Mist, ...	8
Emerson, ...	9
America, ...	13
The Mountain Spring, ...	14
Among the Berkshire Hills, ...	15
My Ship, ...	16
Anemone, ...	17
Baccalaureate Hymn, (Harvard College)	17
Ira Arms, ...	18
Without and Within, ...	19
Smile and Frown, ...	19
After a Storm, ...	20
The two Artists, ...	20
With Sail or Oar, ...	23
Waiting, ...	24
The Snow-Drop, ...	25
Lilies-of-the-Valley, ...	25
If Love Were Dead, ...	26
Class Ode, (1889)	26
The Ruin, ...	27
The Home of the Soul, ...	28
Summer Time, ...	29
A Neglected Grave, ...	30
Distant Music, ...	31
The Harbor, ...	32
The Answered Prayer, ...	32
Snow-Flakes, ...	32
The Old Homestead, ...	33
The Landscape of the Soul, ...	34
Pupil and Teacher, ...	35
Crossed Letters, ...	36
Calumny, ...	37
Spring, ...	37

Sacrifice,	...	...	...	...	...	42
A Winter Bouquet,	...	...	...	...	...	43
A Young Girl's Dream,	...	...	...	...	...	45
Some Dreams of Mine,	...	...	...	...	...	46
Baccalaureate Hymn, (Arms Academy)	...	...	...	...	...	47
Homesick,	...	...	...	...	...	48
Fairies,	...	...	...	...	...	48
Love, Fortune, Fame, and Duty,	...	...	...	...	...	49
The Voice of the Darkness,	...	...	...	...	...	49
My Message,	...	...	...	...	...	49
Ocean Spray,	...	...	...	...	...	50
Away from Home,	...	...	...	...	...	50
Class Ode, (1890)	...	...	...	...	...	51
Autumn,	...	...	...	...	...	52
For an Album,	...	...	...	...	...	52
Home,	...	...	...	...	...	52
Fame's Follower,	...	...	...	...	...	53
The Poet's Boyhood,	...	...	...	...	...	63
Contrast,	...	...	...	...	...	65
Beyond,	...	...	...	...	...	66
Musing,	...	...	...	...	...	66
Woman,	...	...	...	...	...	67
Fulfillment,	...	...	...	...	...	67
The Master-Touch,	...	...	...	...	...	68
An Epitaph,	...	...	...	...	...	68
Out of sight of Land,	...	...	...	...	...	69
Violets,	...	...	...	...	...	70
Only Pearls,	...	...	...	...	...	71
In 'The Mist,	...	...	...	...	...	71
Songs Without Words,	...	...	...	...	...	72
Boreas,	...	...	...	...	...	73
Haymakers,	...	...	...	...	...	73
Snow Pictures,	...	...	...	...	...	74
Nearness of the Loved One,	...	...	...	...	...	74
Echo,	...	...	...	...	...	75
An August Walk,	...	...	...	...	...	76
Summer,	...	...	...	...	...	77
The Spirit of the Mountain,	...	...	...	...	...	78
The Arabian Horse,	...	...	...	...	...	80
The New Year,	...	...	...	...	...	83
The Old Red School-house,	...	...	...	...	...	84
Southern Berkshire,	...	...	...	...	...	87
The Pilgrims,	...	...	...	...	...	95
The Reluctant Muse,	...	...	...	...	...	96
The Dying Child and the Angel,	..	...	...	...	...	97

"O Unseen Land of Loveliness."

In Memoriam M. I. V. B. T.

O unseen land of loveliness,
O land of perfect joy !
No care is thine, no tears are thine,
No pain doth bliss alloy.
There all youth's noblest visions,
There all life's happiest dreams,
Far, far beyond earth's grandest hope
Awaken in thy beams.

O unseen land of loveliness !
Thy violets never fade ;
Immortal beauty clothes thy rose
Mid heaven's soft light and shade ;
Thy lilies never perish,
Thy wild flowers bloom for aye,
And love and truth and life and hope
In youth perpetual play.

O unseen land of loveliness !
Thy music how divine !
Thy songsters' mellow warbling makes
Each note a heavenly sign.
The plashing of thy fountains,
The ripple of thy streams,
Thy zephyrs' loving lullaby,—
Sweeter than sweetest dreams.

O unseen land of loveliness !
My heart's love lives in thee,
The darling of my manhood's years,
My darling still is she.
I fain would pass the portal
Where she has passed before,
With her to live the higher life,—
With her forevermore.

Three Songs.

I.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

THE perfume of the orange-flowers
Steals through the church to-day,
The splendid walls re-echo loud
With sounds of music gay.

But yesterday a sorrowing one
Left here her only child,
Mid kindly weeping comforters,
Mid music sad and wild.

II.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

THE sunbeams ever waken
To life thy paleness rare ;
And changing colors all trembling
Dispel thy cold, dumb care.
O maiden, thy pale, pale beauty,
Could love but cheer thy gloom,
Would vie with the blushing loveliness
Of May-born apple-bloom !

III.

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

A sea of fair white blossoms
Doth surge in the morning breeze,
And a song like old-time Memnon's,
Comes stealing through the trees.
Countless, in sooth, are the blossoms,
And sweet is the murmurous song ;
But the fruit, alas ! will it meet our hopes?
Can that music echo long ?

Sunset.

A DOWN the sunset skies great purple waves
Surge grandly, and their royal crests are tinged
With red and gold, where heaven's gates are hinged
Upon great cumulus clouds which sunset laves ;
Strange forms of monstrous beasts come pressing on
In wild procession through the sea of light,
While ever the grim shadows of the night
Begin to touch that sea with paleness wan.
The light may fade, the colors pass away,
The strange magnificence may fall and die,
Yet were it useless still in vain to sigh
For that which will return some future day.
Though sunset splendors now are lost to sight,
The evening star beams on with kindly light.

The Seasons.

THE blossoms sweet that decked the spring-tide hours
Are gone, and with rare flowers of a richer hue,
Beneath the lustre of the flashing dew,
Are glowing now the breezy, woodland bowers.

Summer, thy glow shall early pass away !
The murmuring vine that to the oak tree clings,
Shall die, and e'en the bird that sings
Shall dip his fluttering wings in Southern spray.

For soon each leaf with warm, bright tints shall gleam,
With golden yellow, and the crimson sign,
Surpassing in a rivalry divine
The acme of an artist's splendid dream.

But soon, too soon, the Autumn tints must die,
When ghostly snow in wild, fantastic whirl,
Makes every hill a castle pure of pearl,
And the cold winds rush on with dreary cry.

Darling, what matter if the seasons go?
With thee, perpetual summer bloom is mine,
With thee, perennial blossoms gently twine,
Nor ever comes the chilly Winter's snow.

A Mid-Winter Night's Dream.

I sit and muse this Winter's eve,
The rain without, firelight within;
What though the wind-sprites fiercely grieve,
They cannot take joys that have been.

To-night my thoughts wing swift their way
To bygone hours and bygone dreams,
Until the present yields its sway,
Until the past the present seems.

The whisper of the wizard pines,
The forest's peopled loneliness,
The clustered wealth of purpling vines,
Upon me all unbidden press.

Before me all the seasons stand,
And three are maidens wonder fair,
More lovely than the smiling band
Of Graces sweet and debonair.

The fourth, the step-dame of the three,
Is Winter, with her icy hand,
Her cold, fixed stare that song-birds flee,
Her pride so bitter to withstand.

But Spring trips down the mountain side ;
Her laugh is in the sparkling brooks ;
She decks herself like willing bride,
And perfect joy beams in her looks.

Her dower is sunlight's purest gold,
And silver sheen of loosened springs,
And wealth of blossoms fair untold,
And song of birds that heavenward rings.

The perfume of her bloomy breath
Is an elixir sweet of life,
And man forgets for once that death,
That death must end all human strife.

She laughs and cries and knows not why,
She trifles with her crown of flowers,
Enchanting with her smile or sigh
A universe that loves her powers.

In Summer's glowing face I see
A hint of kinship close with Spring,
With less of that exultant glee
That staid restraint aside doth fling.

A deeper passion dyes the bloom
That wreathes in color Summer's form—
She knoweth not Spring's fitful gloom,
Her sighing breath comes soft and warm.

But when her tropic anger burns,
With lightnings flash her blazing eyes,
Her ebon brows in scorn she turns,
And all the works of man defies.

And there is Autumn, too, who sits,
The gay coquette, 'neath yon blue skies,
And busies aye her cunning wits
Some new apparel to devise.

To day she gleams in yellow gold,
To-morrow round her crimson pours,
As though the sunset skies had rolled
Their ruddy billows to her doors.

Ah, graceful maids, I've wooed you all,
But which my heart doth love the best,
Such charms my spellbound soul enthrall,
To question were an idle quest.

Ah me, the fire is burning low,
The rain hath ceased, the storm is still,
And through the clouds the moonlight's glow
With light the snow-clad vale doth fill.

Spring in Winter.

THE trees of heaven have cast their blossoms white
Upon the earth to warm her bosom bare ;
'Twas autumn when the brave oaks gave their share,
Wherefor they shiver through the wintry night.
The streams, like maidens by some foe's despite
Fast pent in icy dungeons of despair,
All tears, yearn ever for the outer air
And faintly murmur at their wretched plight.
My darling, when thou see'st the snowy flowers,
Dream that again through vernal woods we roam,
Think of the wind-flower pale that gently cowers,
And blue-birds sporting in the brooklet's foam :
Once more, thine arm in mine, through sunset hours
With purple violets laden wander home.

A Grave-Yard by Moonlight.

NOT a sound is in the air,
Save the night wind's sighing ;
"Free from toil and free from care"
Is the hamlet lying.

Moonbeams from the cloudy mist
Steal, while all are sleeping,
Like a child reluctant kissed,
Smiling half, half weeping.

Smiling o'er the happy homes,
O'er the grave-yard weeping,
Tremulous the moonlight roams
Over dead and sleeping.

Names, dear names, the moonbeams read,
On the gravestones lonely—
For the olden life they plead,
For the old life only ;

For the love, the strife, the care,
Save all low dissembling—
Beam down kindly, moonbeams, there
With a passionate trembling.

Earth hath joys that mirror heaven's,
That will vanish never,
And the life we live here leavens
All the long forever.

Una.

BRIGHT Una was a maid so pure, so fair,
So wholly lovely and so wholly sweet,
That once a lion, bounding from his lair,
Crouched in amazed subjection at her feet.

That lion heart, that never knew a fear, •
Was quelled by purity and loveliness ;
And ever after, a retainer dear,
Strove well to keep his mistress from distress.

Be ever like fair Una, and the foes
That lurk for all along life's thorny path
Shall change to friends, the thorn shall change to rose,
And sweet indeed shall be life's aftermath.

Blonde and Brunette.

THE weeping darkness is moaning,
And its tears fall 'gainst the pane,
While the flickering firelight laugheth
At the sound of the driving rain.

Within, a fair-haired maiden
Is playing an old refrain,
While fiercely without in the blackness
A dark face presseth the pane !

The Mist.

THE silent mist comes stealing
Adown the gray old tower ;
The minster bells are pealing,—
It is the bridal hour !

I looked upon the maiden,
And tears were in her eyes ;
With mist her lids were laden ;
With mist, the gloomy skies.

Emerson.

I.

HE who wrote on deathless page :
 "I await the bard and sage
Who in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnoc like a bead,"—
Was himself the man he sought,
For to him the gods had brought
Mind of so expansive grasp,
Earth and heaven it could clasp.
He it was who loved to roam
Underneath the azure dome,
Found in forest and in field
More than gods to others yield ;
Prescient of the days to be,
Knew "the secret of the sea."
Wisdom from the olden times
Gave the reason for his rhymes.
From the east and from the west,
He embodied what is best.
Bigots ! Stand aside ! I bring
Flowers for our mental king.
Cowards ! Fly away ! For here
Lies the man who knew not fear.
Poetasters, Envy-like,
Wound themselves, whene'er they strike.
Calchas-like, our Emerson
Knew whatever had been done,
Knew the present, well could see
All the days that are to be.

II.

Silvery-sandalled Thetis went,
On Achilles' mission bent,
To the steep and snowy mount,

Angry on her son's account.
Zeus and Zeus alone she sought,
Monarch in the halls of thought.
On Olympus snowy-crowned,
All alone great Zeus she found,
Sitting on the highest peak,
As with Time and Fate to speak.
So alone is he whose praise
Fain would warm these rugged lays.
Count our thinkers one by one—
Who can rank with Emerson?
Who that lives has eyes to see
What he saw of grand and free?
Who that lives has ears to hear
Music that to him was clear?
What magician hath the spell
That he knew to work so well?
With a statue's grand repose
Yet with morning's hope he glows.
Oh, serene and lovely soul,
Thou did'st point to loftiest goal;
Pointing, thou did'st lead the way
By thy life from day to day.
Right and freedom, God and law,
Wise men in thy action saw.

III.

Grand Monadnoc long will wait,
Ere he finds for thee a mate.
Pines will sigh as ne'er before
For the friend they loved of yore.
Adirondack breezes blow
Mournfully in tones of woe.
Nature loved thee as her own,
Spirit, to thy heaven flown;

Told thee all her secret joys
Far from traffic's wearing noise ;
Showed thee moss-beloved springs,
Where the bell-wort graceful clings
Nodding through the sinless days,
While the frolic sunbeam plays ;
Showed thee rarest forest flowers,
Saved for those of rarest powers,
Hidden from the vulgar eye
That despiseth all that's high.
As New England's mountains rise
Ever to the azure skies,
Conscious of a right divine,
Stately, mighty, yet benign,
So our Emerson doth stand
Firm, self-poised on firmest land.
Let the shallow critics rave,
Snarling o'er each poet's grave,—
Doth Monadnoc ever heed
Breeze that frights the trembling reed?

IV.

Massachusetts ! Old Bay State !
Land of thought, home of the great,
Land whose moral grandeur towers
High above the passing hours,
Land of poets and of seers,
Peerless mid thy would-be peers,—
Bright the sun that o'er thee beams,
Wild the dashings of thy streams,
Keen thine air, thy breezes free,
Worthy of themselves and thee.
Fair art thou beyond compare,
Fairest mid a thousand fair.
How I love thee, native land !

For thy charms and history grand,
Love thee, since my dear ones rest
Pillowed on thy generous breast.
Free as breeze and free as stream,
There the dreamer dreams his dream,
There the hero acts his part
Careless of the fatal dart.
Greece and Rome and Albion
Seem united into one,
Yet a strength and charm are thrown
Round thee, that are all thine own.
Tears, unbidden tear drops flow,
As my thoughts oft homeward go,
To the mountains and the streams
That are ever in my dreams.

V.

Starry-eyed American !
Fearing neither curse nor ban,
Seeing God, where others saw
Nothing but an unknown law,
Though thy native state can boast
Such a history, such a host
Of the noble, wise, and brave,
Friends of free and friends of slave,
Thou unto that glorious fame
Add'st a lustre with thy name.
Bearer of Promethean fire,
Queller of all low desire,
Thou art Massachusetts' son,
And she loves thee, glorious one.
When Monadnoc stands no more,
Towering toward the heavenly shore
Mediator grand and high
'Twixt the earth and pure blue sky ;

When the strong Atlantic tide
Shall forget his chosen bride ;
When the winds no more shall blow,
When the streams no more shall flow,
Even then thy fame shall be
Lustrous, glorious to see,
Brightening with the brightening years,
Certain through all doubts and fears,
Ever keeping even pace
With the progress of the race.

America.

BRIGHT daughter of the western world,
Thy brow begemmed with glowing stars,
Thy banner to the breeze unfurled,
Thy children freed from Slavery's bars,
Thou standest freest of the free,
And fairest thou of all most fair ;
From sounding sea to sounding sea
There is no air but freedom's air.
Majestic beauty of the west !
I love thy mountains, proud and steep ;
I love thee, dearest land and best
Of all lands under heaven's blue deep.
Thou standest like an angel bright,
And welcomest unto thy breast
The refugees from tyrants' might
To thy safe haven of the west.

The Mountain Spring.

FAR from the beaten track upon a mountain,
Where one can hear the great hill's throbbing heart,
There wellet forth a sweetly singing fountain,
Whose murmur marks reluctance to depart.

Strange flowers beside the stream, like fair nymphs
bending,
Turn ever, ever towards its limpid waves,
The beauty of their charms mysterious lending
Unto the scene that gives what mortal craves.

Soft, emerald moss perpetually quaffeth
Draughts pure and strong as those from founts of life,
Spell-bound the wind erst boisterous gently laugheth
Forgetful now of his fierce, wonted strife.

Pale bell-worts thrill with joy to see their faces
Gazing upon them from the stream below,
Warming with love-light, when the breeze displaces
The screen of leaves, and lets the sunbeams glow.

Bright columbines their coronets are wearing,
Like an assemblage grand of high-born queens,
With all the grace and nobleness of bearing
That fitting are unto so regal scenes.

Through a long vista to the river leading,
The eye enraptured sees a distant view,
To paint whose charms the poet must be pleading
For brow besprinkled with Castalian dew.

Beside that mountain spring in happy vision,
The soul might dream for aye the hours away,
And musing picture perfect fields Elysian,
And sunny realms in lands of painless day.

Among The Berkshire Hills.

I climbed a rugged mountain decked with trees,
Towards heaven toiling painfully and slow,
And ever stronger grew the playful breeze
That laughing softly bent the saplings low.

Upward, still upward, over black ravines,
Clutching at thorny vines and jutting spurs,
I struggled towards the peak wherefrom grand scenes
Burst, like a dream, on nature's worshippers.

The Swiss may boast of towering mounts of snow,
With Alpine wild flowers cowering on their breasts ;
Fair France may be exultant in the glow
Of sunny vales and vine-becrowned crests.

But, Berkshire Hills, your loveliness need fear
Nor Gallic plains nor Switzers' world-famed mounts
More fair, more free, your beauty bloometh here,
Then all the charms that Europe proudly counts.

Oh, wondrous hill from whose exalted brow
I watched far, sky-loved mountains, and the vale
Through which, like silver serpent, then and now,
A living river shone with splendor pale ;

Like girlhood's kisses on the brow of age,
Sweet blossoms touched thy wrinkled forehead old,
Hepaticas and May-flowers that assuage
The poet's longing stirred by winter's cold.

Slight wonder that these hills have called to life
The silent poetry that sleeps in all ;
Slight wonder that two maids* in friendly strife
Interpret flowers' bloom and birdlings' call.

*The Goodale Sisters.

My Ship.

MANY a year ago, my ship sailed out to sea,
With ballast of hopes, and silken ropes,
And banners floating free.

A wind came from the land, and blew my ship away,
I saw it fade, like a ghostly shade,
And leave behind the bay.

Then I saw but the waste of ocean dark and shore,
Beneath the blue called the brown curlew :
Sweet was the breakers' roar.

Many a ship has come, but my ship comes not home,
With pennons of red, and blue o'erhead :
Beneath, the dazzling foam.

"Oh, sun browned sailor-man, with merry, hazel eyes,
Hast thou seen a sail that scorns the gale ;
Hast heard full joyous cries?"

"Countless, the sails I've seen," the sailor-man replies,
"We tarried awhile at Fortune's Isle,
Where beam the brightest skies ;

And thy ship, saw I there, all fraught with gems and gold,
With snowy sail that scorned the gale,
And homeward hastened bold."

Ah me ! but others tell of rocky, barren coasts,
Of storm-beat mast on lone beach cast,
And seaward-staring ghosts.

My good ship never comes, yet watch I from gray crags,
For filling sails that scorn the gales,
And rippling joy of flags.

Anemone.

PALE art thou, floweret fair !

But when the wind, type of the soul,
Blows softly through the leafy vistas
Of the wood, yet ever lingering
At thy lowly bower, brings message sweet
Of everlasting love ; then thy pale cheek
Takes on the soft pink flush, and ever deeper
Glow, at thought of having blushed.

Baccalaureate Hymn.

HARVARD COLLEGE,

CLASS OF 1880.

ALL that we revere on earth
Hath its prototype in Thee ;
Beauty, wisdom, power, and worth,
We as faint reflections see.

Boundless space and endless time
Scarce thy wondrous love can hold ;
Love that fain, in every clime,
Each immortal soul would fold.

So, today, thy smile to win,
Thanks we offer unto Thee,
Certain that the past has been
All that it could wisely be.

Through the future's changing ways,
Wheresoever we may roam,
May thy golden chain of days
Guide us to our perfect home.

Ira Arms.

SOME there be who rush to fame
Through the battle's sulphurous flame ;
Whom the din of clashing arms
And the beating drum's alarms
'Mid the martial music loud
Urge to glory or a shroud.
Some delight in hopes forlorn,
In a banner battle-torn,
In the frenzied charge's sweep,
Wild as billow of the deep ;
And the heart-inspiring cheer
From the lips that know not fear.

Yet hath Milton given praise
To the fame of peaceful days.
No war-hero in our lay
Do we celebrate to day,
But a man who won a name,
Won the well-pleased smile of fame,
By his gifts unto his town.
Crown him with a civic crown !
For he looked beyond his days
Far into the future's haze,
Saw how thousands yet unborn,
Children of the future's morn,
In his bounty should rejoice.
Wisely then he made his choice,
Prudent, saving, like the spring,
Which to blossoms seems to cling,
Till when comes the blooming time,
Of our sturdy northern clime,
Lo ! the spring with tropic wealth,
Erst concealed by playful stealth,
Tosses myriad blossoms sweet
In heaped armfuls at our feet !

Praise him for his prudent ways,
Crown him with the well-earned bays.
Praise him that he clung so fast
To his purpose to the last.
Let us hope that as the days
Move in Time's strange, whirling maze,
Some shall come whose names shall be
Linked with his in giving free.
For a poet well has said,—
When we go unto the dead,
All the gold that we can take—
When in higher worlds we wake,—
All the gold of that glad day
Is the gold we gave away.

Without and Within.

THE thoughtless breeze is playing
With the crape at a cottage door,
And whispering children, delaying,
Stand peering the steps before.
But a mother's heart is breaking
In that silent, darkened room,
For a spirit, her love forsaking,
Hath left but memory's gloom !

Smile And Frown.

THOU smilest, love, and all the land
In mystic haze of beauty lies ;
Leaf-guarded flower-pearls deck the strand,
And once again blooms Paradise !
Thou frownest, love, and all the sky
Fades to a gloomy grayness wan ;
And near at hand I hear the sigh
Of spirit-haunted Acheron !

After A Storm,

ALL night the rain-king plunged along
Through the dashing ocean of air ;
All night the brown leaves hymned a song,
And death was everywhere.

But morning broke, and the east aflame
With rose and violet bloom,
With glances of a lover came
And chased away the gloom.

The Two Artists.

YEARS ago there dwelt two artists in a city rich and
grand,
And their story fraught with meaning he who runs may
understand.

One exclaimed, his fallen nature ruling him with iron rod,
"Let the fool seek high ideals, but let Fashion be my God.
I will pander to the lowest throb of passion's basest slave,
Let the visionaries prattle of their virtue, let them rave.
Gold and gold alone they're seeking, why not I with all
the rest ?

What is all this foolish jargon of the worst and of the best ?
'Worst ?' I know no 'worst' but failure ; 'best'—'tis nothing
but success ;

Art above the common morals fails, or else I lose my guess.
Art is not an airy something never fully in our grasp,
Art is gold and silver dollars, something you can feel and
clasp.

If I paint to suit the public, 'tis the public's fault not mine,
When the public craves the God-like, I will paint them the
divine.

In the meantime, I would rather sail with wind and sail
with tide,

Flood-tide of the people's favor, then for future fame to
bide."

So he wrought, this worldly artist, wrought to please and
not to bless ;

Pandered to the lowest cravings, gilded all man's wicked-
ness ;

Used his power to make of beauty an incitement unto sin,
Made all hideous crime attractive,—and for what? Mere
gold to win.

Did he gain it? Yes, the vicious found in him a ready
friend,

And his coffers swelled to bursting with the gold he would
not lend.

But his art? Why, every picture that he painted day by
day

Farther fled from high ideals, lower sank to common clay,
Till no matter what the subject in these works of sordid
gain,

Lurking there on every canvas you could see the mark of
Cain !

And the artist? Lower, lower sank he in his downward
course,

Till he had the very vices he had limned with subtle force ;

Till he sank beneath the level of the lowest of the low,

Lost his heritage in Heaven—gained eternity of woe !

Lived to hear his name a by-word on the fickle public's lips,

Lived to see his low-born wishes go to wreck, like stranded
ships.

Turn we to the other artist. Day by day he sought to
climb

Nearer to the grand ideals that adorn the fanes of Time.

All his thought on art was centred, art as something pure
and high,

Something lent to worthy mortals from the kingdom of the
sky.

What to him the public censure, that his works were far
too cold?

What his illy furnished cottage, what a passion-monger's
gold?

All day long he heard God's breezes blowing softly by the
door;

All day long he heard God's songsters singing of the Ever-
more;

Skies aglow with sunset splendors, skies athrob with starry
light,

Hill and dale and stream and forest, every source of pure
delight,

Found in him a true exponent, found in him a faithful
friend,

Drew him with sweet fascination to the joys that never
end.

And his dreams were of the angels, of the good, the high,
the true;

Heaven itself its courts discovered to his heavenward
tending view.

Bright his cheeks would flush with pleasure, when he heard
of noble deeds,

And his heart was ever open to the humblest beggar's
needs,

Till the people came to love him for the grandeur of his
life,

Came to him as to a master of the world's incessant strife.

None could look upon his paintings without feeling some
desire

To attain to nobler regions, ever upward to aspire.

God's bright world the Master painted, as it should be,
pure and fair;

Christ's eventful life he pictured, till it seemed he had been
there,

Where the wind-swept wavelets tremble, on that tossing,
storied sea,

Where thy shores forever sacred bask in light, "bright Galilee ;"

So he'd caught the inspiration that from old Judea flows,
So he understood the story that has balm of all men's woes.
By his faithfulness to duty, by his faithfulness to art,
By despising fickle fashion, lo ! he won the nation's heart !
And so noble grew his nature, and so ample grew his fame,
That at last his humblest fellow spoke with reverence his
name.

We are artists ever toiling, some with purpose low, some
high,

Yet for all shall come the moment, when our lot shall be to
die.

Then, remember, if with calmness you would meet the
waiting grave,

He who saves his life shall lose it, he who loses it shall
save.

With Sail or Oar.

MORN, and the stream is white with sails,
Flush the pennons with crimson glow,
Dancing and nodding with friendly gales,
Past me the broad winged sail-boats go

Well, shall I rest upon my oars,

While each pinnacle speeds fluttering by ?

Waits there no castle with open doors,

Guerdon princely my powers to try ?

Better to tug at bending oars,
Whether you haply win or fail ;
Fortune that seemingly troubles pours
Uses disaster as a flail.

Eve, and the stream is wild with spray,
Cry of sea-birds comes from afar ;
Thunders the ocean miles away,
Casting a white shroud o'er the bar.

Whence these pennons of wave stained red?
Whence these dripping and tattered sails?
Fled is the joy of the morning—fled ;
Drearily still the sea-bird wails.

Waiting.

THE moaning wind sobs through the gloom of night ;
The wandering snow-flowers in the silence fall,
Heaven's gift to deck dead nature's dreary pall,
Each bearing kisses from the cloudy height.
Still from yon casement gleams a questioning light,
Long since its kindred flames in cot and hall
Have fluttered into darkness ; strangely tall
A shadow flits at times, then fades from sight.
O lonely watcher, dost thou wait for him,
Who listens now unto the dashing sea,
Yet ever through the roar of tempests grim
Speeds homeward to his love, his all, to thee?
Or lies he silent in the coldness dim,
Wrapped in a sleep that ne'er shall ended be?

The Snow-Drop.

OLD Winter's darling, first-born flower of Spring,
How pure and white thou tremblest in the cold !
Ah, would that dimpled arms might soft enfold
Thy shivering beauty, and befondling bring
Some warming color, for the winter old
Knows but his snow-flake kisses aye to fling
In passionate profusion—fast they cling,
And fain would thee caressing ever hold.
Fickle, alas, thy mother is and wild ;
Dallying she listens to the winds gallant,
Dear are her joys, and so the time is scant
To think of thee, thou pale faced, dying child.
Slight wonder that thy spirit follows fast
The mournful winter's lapse into the past.

Lilies-of-the-Valley.

SOME naiad lovingly hath launched this barge
All fraught with cool, bright pearls,
Forth from a shaded island's breezy marge
Out to the ocean's whirls,

But ere she bade her fragile craft farewell,
She kissed each priceless gem,
And blushing faintly, with a mystic spell,
She whispered unto them :—

“Far, far beyond the meeting sea and skies,
In white mist slumbering,
Yet sun loved, too, a joyous country lies—
Thither your way swift wing.”

And hither they have come through calm and storm,
Love-guided in the gloom ;
The wild-flower breath that sighed those kisses warm,
Steals softly through my room.

If Love were Dead.

IF love were dead,
 Then would the moody sun
 In sullen musings keep his tent of clouds ;
 Then would the moon and all the starry crowds,
 With lustreless precision ever run,
 Crowned with the shadowy coronets of mist,
 If love were dead.

If love were dead,
 Never would melt the snow,
 The earth one mighty sepulchre would be ;
 No budding leaves would grace the blasted tree ;
 The frozen waters would forget to flow ;
 And all the beauty of the earth would fade,
 If love were dead.

Class Ode.

ARMS ACADEMY,

CLASS OF 1889.

OH, sweet 'twould be to linger here
 And never more to part,
 While not a cloud is in the sky
 Nor yet within the heart.
 The golden sunshine mellows all
 The river, vale, and hill ;
 The flowers bloom, the wild birds call,
 Their music haunts us still.
 But days will come, alas ! too soon,
 When we no more shall be
 United in a loving band
 By life's uncertain sea.
 Each one must launch upon the wave
 His bark for weal or woe ;
 Must watch the stars, must guide the ship,
 Whatever tempests blow.

But let us hope that in the port
Where storms shall be no more,
Where all things bright and all things fair
Adorn the sunlit shore ;
That in that haven wonderful,
That radiant light divine,
Each bark of thine shall anchor cast
Forever, Eighty-Nine.

The Ruin.

I.

OVER the moss-grown ruin silently steals the moon,
Gently her way pursuing, while to the same old
tune,
Winds through the casements come sighing,
Rustle the clinging vines,
Fall withered leaves all a-dying,
Dreamily whisper the pines.

II.

Ever the moon comes glowing, seeking to find the
night,
Like a maid bent upon wooing seeks she the gloom in
his flight ;
Winds through the half-fallen casements
Murmur the same old tune ;
Darkness is fleeing Adonis,
Aphrodite, the moon !

The Home of the Soul.

O H ! I could sit for ever, never tiring,
And gaze into the wonders of thy face ;
My soul to nothing higher e'er aspiring
Than the sweet knowledge of thy loving grace.

I fain would lead thee to that surging ocean
Of love, that rises madly up to thee,
And at thy word thrills with a strange emotion,
All trembling, like the breeze-caressed sea.

For, as the whirling snow comes, swiftly flying
To warm the bosom of the shivering earth,
So comes each thought of mine, in rapture trying
To warm thy heart unto a glad new birth.

Men say the body's nothing but a prison,
And that the fluttering soul is there confined ;
Yet often, sure, hath there a soul arisen,
And ta'en a palace fitting to its mind.

Go, build thy stateliest castle, tyrant reigning
O'er broad, rich lands that sparkling mines enfold ;
Build it of gold, all baser wealth disdaining,
And let the diamond flash on turrets bold.

Thou canst not equal with thy costly glory
The charm mysterious that veils my love,
When listening to the music of that story
Whispered to mortals from fair lands above !

Yes, I could sit for ever, never tiring,
And gaze into the wonders of thy face ;
My soul to nothing higher e'er aspiring
Than the sweet knowledge of thy loving grace.

Summer Time.

LIKE maiden's breath, the laughing breeze
Steals forth from woods of thoughtful pine ;
While waves, with flowers poised daintily,
The eglantine, the eglantine.

And all day long, from tree-top high,
Pours forth its joyousness of soul,
'Mid tremulous leaves and answering songs,
The oriole, the oriole.

From blossom pale to blossom bright
Doth haste, intent each joy to try,
Now fluttering here, now fluttering there,
The butterfly, the butterfly.

As silent as the lapse of time,
Fordoomed to wreck on hillside brown,
Floats on the breeze, like spectre ship,
The thistle-down, the thistle-down.

And leaping to the abyss below,
As that famed knight at country's call,
Doth dash, with plume of dazzling foam,
The waterfall, the waterfall.

Ah, summer days, my memory,
Like bird that homeward paths knows well,
Flies aye to that lone grave, where waves
Pale asphodel, pale asphodel !

A Neglected Grave.

THE grass grows rank and the grass grows high,
And the weeds grow too apace,—apace—
Till a name on a stone is hid from the sky,
And a cold neglect seems to rule the place.

Why, even the stone bends lowly down,
Like one in grief to earth,—to earth ;
And closely the mosses green and brown
Cling to the dates of death and birth.

The hedge untrimmed and the grass uncut,
The violets choked once blue,—so blue !
The path is gone, and the gate that shut
With an iron clank has vanished too.

But a red wild rose that no neglect
Or winter's storm could blight or kill,—
More kind than thou to recollect,
Thou son or daughter,—blossoms there still,

I tear the moss from the sacred name,
And hold the grass from the crumbling stone.
What name is this? The very same
I love more fondly than my own.

Only a word was hidden there,
'Mid weeds and grass and clinging moss,
"Mother" it was, of names most fair,
The loss of whom is the greatest loss.

I smoothed the grass on the sunken mound,
I pulled the weeds from the violets weak,
And as I passed from the burial-ground,
I felt the tear-drops on my cheek.

Distant Music.

DISTANT music, distant music,
Oh, how sweet each cadence falls !
Bass and tenor, air and alto,
Blending, blending, spirit calls.

Distant music, distant music,
Oh, what recollections throng !
Sacrifice and trust and beauty,
Blending, blending in love's song.

Eyes once bright no longer sparkle,
Merry lips are silent now,
Cheeks that flushed no longer brighten,
Broken, broken every vow.

Yet, in distant music's beauty,
In the drip of autumn rain,
In the winter evening's embers,
Lurketh, lurketh olden pain.

Roses, roses, red as rubies,
Lilies pale as snow I've seen ;
Lilies of the past were fairest,
Fairer, fairer garden's queen.

Distant music, distant music,
Sweet, yet sad, each cadence falls,
And my heart must still keep beating
Answer, answer to love's calls.

The Harbor.

FOAM, ghostly foam, haunts the rocks at the head of
the bay,

And at times chants a song, mysterious song, that wails
For those that the sea, moaning, took to his lonely halls.
All day long whirl the gulls, white as the eddying snow,
That tremulous falls, as to veil the stars, when the deep
Passionately dashes, like a devotee, 'gainst cliffs
That stand silently cold as gods of a heathen land.
All of the tears that the world ever shed mournfully surge
Tirelessly, and would fall again down beautiful cheeks :
Glisten the weary waves,—'tis but the sparkle of tears !
Wildly the sea-birds cry, but feel no joy in their song ;
For the night is coming again, and the dreary storm,
To bear away the little ones that sleep on the cliff.

The Answered Prayer.

AT morn she prayed : "O, Father, save
My dear one that I love so well !"
At eve her pale lips proudly sighed ;
"How nobly in the fight he fell !"

Snow-Flakes.

TUMULTUOUSLY pale snow-flowers fall,
Tossed tremblingly by angel hands,
To deck the radiant Summer's pall,
And robe with white the sombre lands.

Oh, snow-flowers, ye shall rise once more
In silent mist to heaven's blue dome ;
And, Summer, thou again shalt pour
Thy beauty round thine olden home.

The Old Homestead.

IN old Berkshire, when the summer
Casts abroad the sunlight's gold,
Near a forest dark and lonely
Roses bloom in wealth untold.

Like a garden fair and sunny,
Glow those roses brightly red ;
But the planters of that garden
Long ago have died or fled.

Crumbling stones in desolation
Mark where once the homestead stood ;
Now the roses are the only
Relic of the fair and good.

Roses, roses, tell me, tell me,
Whither have your old friends fled ?
To the westward ? To the eastward ?
Are they living ? Are they dead ?

Where are blushes once as ruddy
As the beauty of your bloom ?
Where are voices once so tender ?
Silent are they in the tomb ?

Oh, my native, dear New England,
Must thy homesteads come to this ?
Must the altars of our fathers
All respect and memory miss ?

What avail the hoarded millions
Wrung from Labor's tired hand ?
Men, not money, are the making
Of our state and all the land.

Yet again, deserted homestead,
Pilgrims' sons shall raise thy walls ;
Fear of God and love of justice
Shall re-echo through new halls.

Yet again, my loved New England,
Thou wide sovereignty shalt claim,
Foremost still for God and freedom,
Foremost on the scroll of Fame.

The Landscape of the Soul.

THERE are prairies vast in the soul-land fair,
Where the low lands stretch, like a mighty sea,
And the rushing hosts of the windy air
Make waves of grass sway wild and free.

There are mountains grand in the soul-land fair,
Vast heights that are good for the soul to climb ;
For a freer breath hath the mountain air,
And a deeper hint of a grander time.

For the nearer the soul climbs up to Heaven,
The nearer home doth it seem to be ;
And thus doth the force of the primal leaven
Make the serf a king and the bondman free.

And as from a mount of earth one looks
At the mounts beyond in the purple haze,
At the sky afar, and anear the brooks,
Mid the beauty of new or of dying days ;

So the soul peers out to a world unknown,
And sees through the blue of the soul-land sky
The stately form of a great, white throne,
And the image of things that shall never die.

There are quiet vales in the soul-land fair,
Where peaceful streams to the ocean glide,
Where mountains stand with a sentinel's care
To see that naught of ill betide.

There are forests vast, where a step or a word
Seems alike profane in the sacred hush ;
Where the sigh of wind and the plaint of bird
Seem to blend with the music of wood-brook's gush ;

Where the soul finds rest in the forest peace,
Where high thoughts come, like a bird to its nest,
Where sorrows, like a mist, decrease,
And the soul seems nearer to all that is best.

Pupil and Teacher.

SHE brought me heliotrope whose bloom doth mean
"I love you," ever heliotrope she brought,
And pink moss rose-buds whose fond flushing taught
First love's confession, and her wish was seen
In wise-faced pansies bidding me aye think
Of her that gave them and her docile ways.
Ah, how I watched her face those blissful days
And saw her deepening color frightened shrink,
Yet finding no safe hiding-place return.
'Twas mine to teach her by the clumsy signs
Of printed page and coldly formal lines ;
'Twas hers with fresh, young eagerness to learn—
Yet by her pure bouquets she taught me more
Than loveless books had taught me e'er before.

Crossed Letters.

—

LIKE a white dove, that swifter than wild steed
Flieth unerring to its well-loved home,
Heedless of cloudy sky or seas afoam,
Of sunlit pleasure-grounds or bloomy mead,—
This fair, white letter flieth back to me,
The same in thought and purpose as the one
I sent, what time the weary yester sun
Sank with a sigh unto his loving sea.
Far from the hills, dear letter, hast thou come
Sped by the mountain wind, that living thing ;
Thou bring'st sweet breath of land where blithe birds sing
Soprano to the bass of wild bees' hum.
Message of love I sent away yestreen ;
Back hath it flown, sent by my soul's loved queen.

Calumny.

—

THEY could not bear his lofty scorn,
The mute contempt of honest eyes,
And so they sought from night till morn
To stain his honored name with lies.

But as a mountain through the haze
In mightier majesty appears,
So stood he through the troublous days,
And so shall stand through all the years.

Long after in ignoble grave
The slanderer low forgotten lies,
Truth's fame the storms of life shall brave
With beauty grand that never dies.

Spring.

A BERKSHIRE ECLOGUE.

MARGARET.

SEE how the phantom-like mists from the hills all around
us are rising !

See how the glistening snow since yesterday even has
melted !

Surely the arbutus buds must be shivering forth in the
woodlands ;

Why, even now I enjoy their fragrance in anticipation.

Ever I seem to hear the welcoming note of the blue-bird,

Ever I seem to see a flashing of blue in the sunlight.

GUY.

Let us go forth, my dear, to walk on the forest-loved
mountains.

Springtime hath ever been to me a goddess most generous ;
Ever her choicest blooms she shows me concealed in the
woodlands.

Now by the soft, warm breeze that hums by the whispering
maples,

Now by the genial light of the sun, by the green on the
hillsides,

Spring doth invite our steps to seek for the earliest blossoms.

MARGARET.

I remember last year how you found the first of the May-
flowers—

I shall be jealous of Spring if she show you her favors too
freely.

Is it not strange to think how some may search o'er the
mountains

Never finding a flower, while others as if by an instinct

Wander straight to the place where the choicest blossoms
are blooming?

Tell me, for you are wise, what answer this mystery solveth?

GUY.

Dear, there are some whose hearts from youth have aye
 been enkindled
With an abiding love for the true and the lovely in nature.
Such Mother Nature loves and shows all her wonderful
 favours.
E'en in the world of men some search in vain for the
 beauty,
Liking better dead leaves and withered stalks than sweet
 blossoms,
Loving a frozen stream far better than brooklet unfettered.

MARGARET.

Guy, I know not the world ; I have always lived in the
 country,
But from the rumors that come from the clash and the din
 to this quiet,
Judging by these, I think that the world must be wicked
 and cruel.
Here in our beautiful valley environed by beautiful moun-
 tains
Life glides on like a dream, and the outside world is a
 story,
Full of excitement, perhaps, but shadowy, far and unreal.

GUY.

Hark ! Did you hear that whirl of wings in the neighboring
 thicket?
List ! Do you hear that note ? I know it ! I know it ! The
 blue-bird !
See ! There are two of them there on the wall at the edge
 of the forest !
See ! How their bleu contrasts with the white of the snow
 on the mountains !

MARGARET.

Guy, you are blushing with joy, you must not be too fond
of the blue-bird !

All through the winter-time your cheeks were as pallid as
marble ;

Now the old color comes back, and your eyes like diamonds
sparkle.

Tell me the blue bird's power that I may be such an en-
chantress.

GUY.

Now we are half way up, let us rest and look at the village.
See how the river gleams, as though its ripples were silver.
There is the little church, with the school house standing
beside it.

There are the cottages white, and there at the right is the
graveyard,—

How could a mortal wish for a spot more peaceful to lie in
After the battle of life with its glory and failures is over?

MARGARET.

Guy, I have found a bud of the arbutus under the leaves
here !

Come ! There are more near by. Take care ! You must
look to your laurels.

Strange, is it not, to find such beauty under the dead
leaves?

Yet 'tis a sweet surprise. Sometimes an old heart doth
cherish,

Under dead leaves of hopes, the blossoms of youth's aspira-
tions.

GUY.

Oh to grow old with the hopes of my youth in my soul ever
blossoming !
Oh, to keep pure and young as that crystalline spring on
the hillside !
Far from the envy and hate, from standards false and de-
grading,
Pleasant it is to dwell and study the teachings of nature.
Now let us higher climb, for the view from the summit is
wider.

MARGARET.

You are ambitious, Guy, you men with your striving and
climbing.
What if the summit view be wider than this, is it better?
Ever the eyes of man from mountain to mountain go roving ;
Half of the pleasure of toil to them is the chance of more
toiling.

GUY.

Margaret, are you so tired? Shall we rest a little while
longer?
Shall we go home from here or climb by the sinuous path-
way,
Up to the very rocks where we heard the screams of the
eagle?
Would you not like to see old Greylock again with his fore-
head
Towering so high to the sky that forests and clouds are
commingled?

MARGARET.

Guy, I was thinking of you ; if you are not tired, I am
ready.

There is the very tree whose bark you engraved with initials,

Summers and summers ago. You were always a lover of mountains.

See how those great white clouds float on o'er the ocean of heaven.

Guy, 'tis a beautiful world, and we are most happy of mortals.

GUY.

Ah ! I thought that the spring would never abandon her lover :

See what a prize I have found—hepaticas, are they not lovely ?

Here is a white one, and there a blue one is hiding demurely ;

Look at those great, round leaves, that have weathered the tempests of winter.

Take these flowers, my dear, as a hint of the flowers of affection.

MARGARET.

Thank you, dear Guy, you are always yourself—so thoughtful and generous.

These little flowers, some day, when the years in the past have been buried,

Hidden away you will find with the choicest of all of my treasures.

GUY.

Margaret, give me your hand, I will help you up to the summit.

See how easy it is to climb when a lover is leading !

Now we are at the top. Do you see old Greylock mist-haunted ?

There are the Catskills, too, and there is the wide-rolling Hudson.

Here at the summit the wind blows fresher than down in the valley.

MARGARET.

See afar in the vale our little cottage is nestling.

After the mountain walk, I long for our own little home-
stead.

GUY.

Let us go home then, dear, with the first sweet blossoms
of April,

Let us go home with the hope that the promise of spring-
time shall linger

Ever within our hearts till we live in perpetual spring-
time.

Sacrifice.

NO generous thought is ever lost,
No noble deed is thrown away,
And sacrifice, whate'er the cost,
Will in itself all loss repay.

A Winter Bouquet.

I WILL get me clematis from the wood,
Soft, and fluffy, and white as foam,
I will gather grasses brown and good,
And deck therewith my cosey home.

Orange and red of the bitter-sweet
Color shall lend to the sober hues ;
The bearded heads of the yellow wheat
Shall mind me of the farmland views :

Mind me of acres of waving grain,
That rock and sway like billows at sea,
When the sobbing wind portendeth rain,
And the swallow's wing doth graze the lea.

I will add a cluster of leafy hops,
Some hips and haws from rose and tree,
The thorny thistle's velvet crops
Of pompons soft as soft can be.

Milkweed pods o'erflowing with foam,
White as the whitest, soft as down,
To gather these I will gladly roam
Miles and miles from the busy town.

Then I will get me immortelles,
A pretty flower and a noble thought,
At such a word the spirit swells,
As if at music from heaven caught.

Then I will gather some rabbit's-foot,
Therewith will mingle cat-tails brown,
In my bouquet some ferns I'll put
Found where the hill-brook dashes down.

I will make me a garland of autumn leaves,
Red, and yellow, crimson and pale,
When the Frost King all the trees bereaves,
When the Frost King calls to aid the gale.

So, when the snows begin to fly,
And the winter winds howl at my door,
What at my glowing fire care I,
Since winter is banished for evermore?

I can see the clematis in the wood,
Soft and fluffy and white as foam,
I can see the grasses brown and good
Sway and bow in their meadow home.

I can see the bitter-sweet's clinging vine
Clambering up the woodland tree;
Acres and acres of wheatland fine •
Waver and whisper to me, to me.

Once again doth the hop-vine writhe
Up its pole, like a serpent green,
• With a sinuous motion still and lithe,
All unrest till the top is seen.

All day long through the winter's gloom,
All day long through the snow-fall's hush,
For me there'll be the rose perfume,
For me the beauty of roses' blush.

And the thistle-down for me will float •
Carelessly over hill and dale,
And the milkweed-down, like a phantom boat,
Will sail along o'er the sunlit vale.

And the rabbit's-foot will mind me oft
Of roadsides I have loved of yore ;
Cat-tails will hint of lake-side soft,
And blue flags rustling by the shore.

And the autumn leaves with their golden and red.
Golden and red and crimson and pale,
Will tell of the days ere they were dead,
When they murmured gently at every gale.

And the clustering wealth of immortelles
Shall hint of a time for which men pine,
When the sea of care that ceaseless swells
Shall be lulled to rest by love divine.

A Young Girl's Dream.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A YOUNG girl dreamed of her bridal day ;
She was dressed in a robe of spotless white,
And her bridal veil more pale than spray
Flowed down to the floor in the sunny light.

She taketh a last look in the glass :
Dark is the robe erst pure and white,
And the veil that fell in a snowy mass
Hath changed to crape more black than night.

Some Dreams of Mine.

IN the wonderful land of dreams come true
There are dreams of mine that I hope to find,
When the world of hope has been travelled through,
And the desert of care has been left behind.

There's a dream of love that is love indeed,
With never a word that we wish unsaid,
With never a rift in love's trembling reed,
With never a sigh for "a day that is dead."

There's a dream of fame that is fame indeed,
When the dream-songs swell to the spoken words,
When thought-songs for the word-songs plead,
And heart-songs come like the song of birds.

There's a dream of life that is life indeed,
No thought but is high, no word but is pure,
No deed but from bonds of self is freed,
That were life indeed—life to endure.

Oh, thou wonderful land of dreams come true,
I have found the pole-star guide to thy shore,
Where, after the world has been travelled through,
What we are at our best lives forevermore.

On the lonely shores of a sun-lit sea
Walked the Bethlehem-born these years ago,
And the star that brightened o'er Galilee,
Is the star that forever shall lead us on.

Baccalaureate Hymn.

ARMS ACADEMY,

JUNE 8, 1890.

AS o'er the sea the wanderer speeds
Through night and wind-swept foam,
Nor gloom nor tempest dark he heeds,
But thinks the while of home.

Through loud the ocean gust may roar,
And high the billows roll,
He dreams that loved ones dear once more
Give welcome to his soul.

Our Father, mid the storms that rage
On life's tempestuous sea,
We look beyond this stormy age
With perfect trust to Thee.

Whate'er our lot, though high or low,
Our state, though bond or free,
Each trembling heart-beat, well we know,
Doth bear us nearer Thee.

Whate'er our grief, whate'er our fears,
Whatever cares annoy,
We know Thou weepest mid our tears,
And smilest mid our joy.

We come, whatever may betide
Of joy or sorrow's rod,
Our creed is Christ the Crucified,
Our hope, the love of God.

Homesick.

I MISS the tender notes of Mendelssohn,
In vain I listen for the cuckoo's call
No more, as evening shadows gently fall,
Resounds the whippoorwill's melodious moan.
My visions bear me to the hills that curve
With all the loveliness of Grecian art,
The nameless joy of beauty fills my heart
And trembles full of life through every nerve.
Too soon, thou happy summer, hast thou fled,
Too soon the cardinal flower begins to reign ;
Why must our happiness bring ever pain?
Is there no lasting joy save for the dead?
My own, my little one, I miss thee so !
Naught but thy presence can dispel my woe.

Fairies.

WHEN the starlight sparkles down,
And the winds are lulled to sleep,
From the flowers the fairies creep,
Tripping to the mountain's crown.

There upon the moon-lit peak,
Round and round they lightly dance,
Shrill the accents that they speak,
If you hear them, lucky chance !

But if mortal's step comes near,
Swift they hide in blossoms fair,
Scarce a whisper can you hear,
Moonbeams fall on summit bare.

Love, Fortune, Fame, and Duty.

LOVE flashes like the dawn and softly speaks ;
With golden mist she hides time's rugged peaks.
And Fortune shows her gems and golden store,
Useless, alas, at gates of Evermore !

Fame proudly smiles with curled, disdainful lips,
And nectar of the Ages, praise she sips.
Then Duty comes, and meekly at her feet
Love, Fortune, Fame bow with obeisance meet.

The Voice of the Darkness.

I HEAR a hurrying footstep,
And the rush of the evening breeze ;
And a voice of anguish mingles
With the moan of the wailing trees.

"She is dead,"—the wild voices murmurs
With a thrill of passionate pain ;
"She is dead,"—and the night wind's sighing
Echoes the mournful strain.

My Message.

WHITE dove, to the northward flying,
Wilt bear a message for me ?
Soft breeze round my casement sighing,
Shall I say the words to thee ?

White dove, and soft breeze, flying
To vales where the wild streams run,
This message my soul keeps sighing :
"I love thee, my dearest one."

Ocean Spray.

I LAY upon the mountain-head,
And watched the white sails far at sea ;
My thoughts were with the voiceless dead,
And of the days that were to be.

The sails were white as wedding dress.
And pale as shroud the lacy spray ;
What time I gave the last caress
My little bride was white as they.

Away from Home.

A MESSAGE from o'er the sea :
"I am dying away from home."
And is it for this, ah me,
My brave lad forth did roam?

The gayest of hearts was he,
And aye in the spring of the year
May-flowers he brought to me,—
The sea's moan do I hear?

May-flowers he brought to me
With a shy half-smile and a blush,
And now he is o'er the sea ;
In vain my fond tears gush.

I wish that my spirit free
Might speed o'er the white, white foam,—
He is dying far from me,
Dying away from home.

Class Ode, 1890.

THE distant star's the fairest star,
And charms have untried seas,
Dreams fancies fairest fancies are,
The unattained doth please.
The future lot in youth's glad thought
Perforce must far excel
The joys that olden days have brought,
Though memory keeps them well.

But mist may veil the brightest star,
And storms may vex the sea,
Dream fancies, like fair phantoms are,
Though fair, yet swift to flee,
Like will-o'-wisp, the future's beam
Oft leads to unknown ways,
Till some give o'er life's fitful dream,
Ere spent are half their days.

Then, whatsoe'er life hath in store
Of sadness or of joy,
The past's secure forevermore
Beyond grim Time's annoy.
Then, Ninety, heed not rude alarms ;
He thrives who nobly strives ;
An afterglow of days at Arms
Shall brighten all your lives.

Autumn.

THE hectic flush upon the woodbine leaves,
A chill within the air,
The mournful music of the wind that grieves,
The sleep of blossoms fair.

Portend the coming winter and the snow,
Streams bound with icy gyves,
The frosty starlight's palpitating glow,
Sad hours in poets' lives.

For an Album.

THE maple buds begin to glow once more,
The crocus and the snow-drops are in bloom ;
Warm breezes play about the open door,
And birds sweet music send unto my room.

As from the snowy storms of winter cold
God brings the beauty of the genial springs,
So from the storms of life will He unfold
The loveliness that decks eternal things.

Home.

I ASKED the flying sea-bird,
As we bounded o'er the foam :
"Whither flyest, whither flyest?"
And its wild note answered, "Home."

And my heart sped with the sea-bird
To the rough cliffs white with foam,
To my loved one, to my loved one,
With her only, is my home.

Fame's Follower.

'TWAS years ago, when I was but a child,
I slept one day beneath the sighing shade,
And woke to hear amid the wind's sweet song :
"Fame just passed down the way, and flung a flower,
A rosebud and a wreath of immortelles,
To yonder sleeping boy, who heeded not,
And lo ! another with his eager hands
Seized quick the flower and wreath and sped away.
So slumberers lose their prize, though it be near,
And those who dream of Fame, lose Fame himself."
"Good friends," I cried, "now tell me by which way
Bright Fame hath hastened, for I love him well,
And, surely, if my step could overtake
Fame's airy gliding and his silent wings,
Another rosebud and another wreath
The generous God would give to me again."
They smiled and cried aloud : "By yonder way
Fame passed. You should have seen the winning smile,
The look all beauty and the form all grace,
The nameless fascination and the charm"—
I did not stay. Enough for me to know
The path that Fame had taken—That took I.
The way led straight to a vast forest's edge,
Then plunged into the darkness of the wood.
Vast trees with spreading branches towered aloft
With majesty o'ermastering, shadowing all
Save lightsome sunbeams, that with genial smile
Played hide and seek among the gloomy trees.
So have I seen young children laugh and play

Among old grandsires tired of all the world.
The wind low souging taught the murmuring leaves
A thousand stories, tossed the branches high
And rushed with gusty haste through vistas long,
Only to come again and whisper more
Strange stories loved by leaves and murmured o'er.
The way was hard, for interlacing vines
And thorny thickets cumbered every turn.
Then questioned I my forest friends and said :

Tell me, ye gnarled trees,
Home of the woodland breeze,
Sweet singing song-bird's ease,
Hath Fame passed by this way ?

Tell me, thou wild-wood bird,
Hath thy keen hearing heard,
Sense that hath never erred,
That Fame passed by this way ?

Tell me, wind of the pines,
Thou whose sweet song refines,
And mysteries divines,
Hath Fame passed by this way ?

Tell me, thou winding path,
Whose step in splendor hath
Made mine an aftermath,
Hath Fame passed by this way ?

They answered not. I made my painful way
And found that ever as I onward pressed
The path grew steeper and more hard to climb.

Upward I struggled, over rock and crag,
Clutching the while at vines and jutting spurs.
When youth and hope are young 'tis no great thing
To scale the highest mountain, yet 'tis hard,
And haply, if you reach the topmost round,
You look with wonder on the vale below.
Shut in by trees I could not know what view
Was at the top. I caught at times a glance
Of deep blue sky sailed o'er by fleecy clouds.
I felt the living breath of mountain winds ;
I felt the exultation born of joy
At journeying skyward, leaving lowly lands.
Thus upward ever climbed I, till at length
Burst on my ravished sight a scene so grand,
So inexpressible in loveliness,
That one might well inquire, with doubting tone :
Is Paradise more beautiful than this?
Clear at the top, wood-covered at the base,
The grand old mountain stood in majesty.
Below lay smiling vales and fertile plains
And little hamlets nestling 'mid the trees.
There were the happy homes of husbandmen,
And there the village church, towered towards the blue.
Yonder, with willowy banks, a river ran,
Impetuous as a child. As arrow swift
It darted by the tree-watched, grassy lands,
Like molten silver decked with snow-white lace
Of scurrying foam, swift fluttering in the wind.
Onward the wild stream rushed, and, when it came
To rocky barriers reared by Titan hands,
With one impetuous leap, one half mad cry,

Of fear or exultation, in a cloud
Of billowy foam and haunting, wraith-like mist,
It bounded down the steep, cowered at the pain
An instant, then, as hope returned again,
Unconquered, made a dash for liberty
And darted fetterless adown the vale
With seeming laughter at the dangers past.
Lost in a pleasing haze far mountains strove
To pierce the blue of heaven, and over some
The light mist floated, like a bridal veil.
The day wore on, the sun began to sink,
The west, as if the Artist of all time
Had made the clouds His pallet, was aflame
With crimson splendors, interspersed with gold
With violet commingled. Or 'twas like
Eternity's fair gardens, where the rose
Blooms in eternal beauty, fadeless, pure ;
Where violets in sweet profusion feel
The kiss of spray that falls all musical
From heaven's famed fountain of eternal life ;
Where golden lilies and a thousand flowers
Fill life with beauty and make care a dream.
Such was the sunset at that shut of day,
Or else 'twas very like cathedral panes,
Upon the which, with various imagery
And wondrous splendor of commingling dyes,
Skilled artists have depicted sacred scenes.
Then one by one the colors died away,
The splendors faded to an ashen hue,
The sun had set. Then mused I there alone :

Oh, sunset splendors, faded now and dead,
So have I seen the hopes of youth decay ;
Oh, ruddy rose, that erst did blush so red,
Thou, too, didst have too brief a summer's day.

Oh, sunset splendors, so may not my hopes
To ashen paleness early fade away !
Oh, faded roses, may my faith that copes
With Time's disasters be not Fortune's play !

Then beamed the evening star beyond the crags,
The evening wind sighed, like a tired child,
And night fell, like a mist, upon the earth.
I sank to sleep. Before me in my dreams
Three radiant forms in moonlight beauty stood :
Love, Fortune, Fame were they, the three most fair
My eyes had ever seen or thought to see.
As on the mount of Ida, years ago,
Three goddesses in goddess beauty stood,
Olympian in loveliness and grace,
And bade the shepherd Paris make his choice,
The whiles they bribed him enviously with gifts,
So stood those radiant forms upon the mount,
And, while the moonbeams trembled on the steep,
As oft in ancient times on Iatmos' hights,
They trembled on Endymion's snowy brow,
Addressed me, as I lay in balmy sleep.
First Fortune spoke : "Oh, youth. choose me," she cried,
"I know where gold is hid, whose sunny shine
Is loved by all men more than they can tell.
I know where gems await my favorite,

Pure, lucent diamonds, glistening like stars,
Imperial emeralds, rubies red as blood,
And all the lesser jewels which to name
Were tedious task ; enough, they shall be thine
And golden opportunities are mine,
Such chances as to boundless wealth conduct,
If seized with wisdom, and I'll give the hint."
Thus she. Then Love, light flushing, like the dawn,
Addressed me winged words caressingly :
"Choose me," she said, "and happiness that lasts
Long as the constant stars, shall be thy lot ;
Sweet courtesy that makes life worth one's while,
That adds a grace to kings and makes the serf
A mate for kings shall brighten all thy days.
The tender care that only love can give,
The thought anticipated by a mind
In harmony with thine ; the grace of life,
The mastership of beauty and of truth,
All these are thine, if only thou choose me."
Then Fame took up the word, and with a smile
"Choose Fortune, child," he said, "but she hath wings,
And flies away as lightly as she comes ;
And if she stay, what profit doth she bring?
She gives no honor, 'tis the gold that wins
The obsequious service and the servile smile.
When Fortune takes her flight, now tell me pray,
Where be those cringing throngs of parasites
That battered on a pompous lordling's store?
Flown, like the vultures, when their feast is done.
That courtier's eye, so keen to see the rich,
Hath grown near-sighted, and the supple knee,

So quick to bow before, bends not one whit.
Men eat your banquets, shake your moneyed hand,
Then with punctilious care, with every form
Of outward courtesy they take their leave ;
Your door is scarcely closed ere they begin
To sneer at all your failings and deride.
And as for Love, I grant you she is fair,
So are the sunset dyes that fade to gray,
So is the wild rose that must wither soon,
So is the pebble shining in the stream
But lifeless when it leaves the brooklet's bed,
So are the hues the dying dolphin shows
But only shows when at the point of death.
Love is a dream, my child, a 'fitful dream,'
And in Love's name a thousand crimes are done—
I'll name but one : When Roman Cæsar fell,
Whose hand was first to play about the point
Of ready dagger, feeling if the edge
Were keen enough to pierce a lover's heart?
'Twas Brutus' hand, and Cæsar loved him so !
And down the indignant years for aye shall sound
The "*Et tu Brute*" wherewith Cæsar's heart
Hopeless at unrequited loving broke.
Not Cassius' dagger gave the fatal thrust,
Nor envious Casca's steel did him to death,
Nor Brutus' ready blade pierced his great soul,
But Brutus' untoward love broke Cæsar's heart,
And wilt thou, then, choose Love? Choose me, he said,
And thou shalt be of those whose splendid names
Grow glorious with the ages, fading not.
As yonder stars in lastingness compare

With will-o'-wisp that o'er graves fickle floats,
So shall thy glory be to theirs who choose
To honor Fortune or to follow Love."
"Oh Fame," I cried, "I choose thee. 'Thou art best'—
And then I woke. Pale starshine on the crags,
And that was all. The wind through gorges moaned.
Such was my dream these many years ago,
And such my choice upon that mountain steep.
In that gray dawn so many years ago
I climbed adown the rugged mountain side,
And after varied wandering came at length
Unto the shore of the loud roaring sea.
For miles the yellow sand stretched on and on,
The sand with shells and pebbles thickly strewn,
And dark, dank seaweed scattered here and there.
And ever, with a sound like autumn wind,
When through the swaying forest trees he goes.
Great billows with majestic on-rush swept,
Like conquering army to the hostile shore ;
But there the hidden rocks in ambuscade
Awaited, still as death, the invading host,
And dashed their ranks to pieces, while the spray,
Like smoke of battle, hid the struggling hosts,
And the loud roar was as the roar of guns.
Within a sheltered cove a pinnacle lay
Equipped for sea and tugging at her chain.
I stepped aboard, weighed anchor and set sail,
The silken sail swelled with the following wind,
The pennon fluttered gayly in the breeze,
And on my barque sped to the deep blue sea.
All day I sailed, and fainter grew the land :

Night came, and one by one along the coast
The light-house beacons flashed their messages,
Then one by one they faded from my sight,
And I was left alone with sea and sky.
Then, like the beacons of a higher world,
That lead men to the haven of the sky,
The stars beamed down a welcome, and the sea
Like one vast mirror, pictured every star.
The long white wake my pinnacle left behind
With phosphorescent splendor gleamed and glowed
As if a million fireflies followed fast,
The water rippling round the plunging prow.
The melting music of the billowy surge,
Like songs heard in a dream, lulled me to rest.
Then came the thought, as thoughts come, swift as light :

I look to the skies by day
And see not a single star,
But when night comes the glorious band
Shine from the blue afar.

I look to the skies of life
For dear ones passed away,
I see them not, but the night of death
Shall show them fair as day.

So vale and forest, mountain-side and sea
Were traversed in a hopeless search for Fame,
Whose form appeared not save in fleeting dreams.

When, after calms and storms upon the main,
My barque had reached that ocean's utmost bound,
Upon the shore I met an aged man ;
To him I told the story of my search,
My visions and my hopes, now fading fast :
"Oh youth," the aged man, slow-voiced, replied,
"There's one more noble than the mystic three
Who stood before thee in thy mountain dream.
Though fair is Fortune, with her yellow gold
And radiant gleams of iridescent gems,
Though sweet is earthly Love, if she be true,
Though grand is Fame and eloquent his voice,
Fame, Fortune, Love, less noble are than one
Whose name is Duty. Serve her day by day,
And haply, if with chastened life and pure
Thou quit thyself as Knight of Duty ought,
Fame, Fortune, Love and all that men hold dear,
Will follow surely as the azure sky
Comes when the reign of storm is overpast."
I pondered well that lesson, for I deemed
That wisdom crowneth age. I thanked the sire
And took my way once more into the world.
As old time chemists dreamed to turn to gold
Each baser metal and the merest dross
By magic touch of some transmuting stone,
So dreamed I thus to change slight common acts
To noble service, and my dream came true.
For he who gives his life at duty's call,
Lives while he dies and conquers in defeat ;
And he who loves the right more than aught else
Shall win at last the eternal crown of life.

The Poet's Boyhood.

FAR from the noise of bustling throngs
The youthful poet loved to stray,
Where fell the wild birds' flute-sweet songs
From trembling perch of nodding spray.

He loved to sit on brookside green,
And listen to the ripples sweet ;
His pleased eyes caught the glistening sheen
Of wavelets' starry-twinkling* feet.

Oft, oft he wandered up the hill,
The while the south wind softly sang ;
Oft paused he by the gushing rill,
While woods with joyous echoes rang.

To lie beneath a shady tree
With music near and music far,
Was sweet to him, and sweet to see
The beauty of the evening star.

Oh, gladly would he watch the flight
Of snowy clouds on heaven's sea,
And by imagination's sight
Would feign the heavens that should be.

And when the western skies rolled high,
With billows purple, billows gold,
While hues magnificent did vie
With splendors never to be told,

The poet's thought went flying on
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Past red and gold and saffron wan
Unto the soul's last resting place.

Fondly he loved the darksome wood,
And friends he made of all the trees,
Their language will be understood,
Their murmurs to the dallying breeze.

The wood-sprites whispered to him low
The secret of the first Spring flower,
Just where and when the bud would blow,
The very place, the very hour.

They told him where the strawberry vine
Its burning berry well did hide,
Like heart as red as ruddy wine,
From many a gazer curious-eyed.

They told him of the generous stores
That waited him in chestnut groves,
For nature's servants ope her doors
To him who roves as poet roves.

All blossoms owned him as a friend,
And he repaid them with his praise,
For even then did feeling blend
With feeling in uncultured lays.

His songs were full of flowers and trees,
Of dropping rain and sighing wind,
For out of love for things like these
He spoke, and who shall say he sinned?

His songs gushed forth as pure and clear
As any fountain from the hill,
And when he sang the woods seemed near,
And far they seemed, when he was still.

And if grim Winter sought to stem
The tide of his uncertain verse,
The poet made of ice a gem,
Saw blessings in a seeming curse.

He sang of snow's fantastic whirls,
And silent lapse from heaven's height,
He sang of hillocks changed to pearls,
And told the beauties of the night.

Thus lived the boy, and seemed to be
A solitary, lonely lad,
Yet friends he had on land and sea,
That made his thoughtful spirit glad.

*Compare Aeschylus.

Contrast.

AN avenue of dusky pines
Leads grimly to the castle door ;
The moonbeams gild the sculptured lines
Mine eyes shall gaze upon no more.

The casements gleam with flashing lights,
And music echoes through the halls ;
I mark the whirling dancers' flights,
While distance-softened laughter falls.

For them the battlemented hall,
For them the laugh, the dance, the light ;
For me wild ocean's ceaseless call,
For me the blackness of the night !

Beyond.

I LOOK beyond the city's spires
Where heaven's blue rests on the hills,
I look beyond, and longing fires
My heart with all its saddest thrills.

Far, far beyond those patient hills
There lies the land of my desires,
My yearning heart-beats nothing stills,
Not e'en the heavenward pointing spires.

Musing.

HE sits before his ruddy fire,
And casts his glances now and then
On one adorned with rich attire,—
Ah, well 'tis often so with men.

He casts his glances now and then,
And thinks the while of one whose face,
Before she fled from mortal ken,
Was full of supernatural grace.

The wife adorned with rich attire
Is musing deeply o'er the past,
And sees within the ruddy fire
Hints of her secret hidden fast.

The man hath wealth and state and power,
A wife who sigheth now and then :
He muses deep at twilight's hour,—
Alas ! 'tis often so with men.

Woman.

A WOMAN'S word !
Most musical of all the sounds of heaven
or earth,
To what sweet joy doth it give birth—
A woman's word !

A woman's thought !
The purest thing within the reach of mortal
ken,
More delicate than that of men—
A woman's thought !

A woman's deed !
The wondrous art of ceaseless goodness all the
while,
That asks no guerdon but a smile—
A woman's deed !

A woman's heart !
Oh, mystery of tenderness that ever wakes,
That loves and loves and loving breaks—
A woman's heart !

Fulfillment.

THE western sky is all aflush
With hue of roses' deepest bloom,
And in the evening's welcome hush
The crescent moon dispels all gloom.

My love and I walk on and on
'Neath crescent moon and glowing skies,
The fondest dreams of days ago
I see reflected in her eyes.

The Master-Touch.

FOR years an artist toiled to win
A name among his fellow men,
Yet in the loud world's ceaseless din
His name, if heard, was lost again.

A consciousness of something wrong
Oppressed the toiler night and day,
Something that checked his old-time song,
And bade him strive for mightier sway.

One morn, when rolling years had passed,
While sunlight gave a glad caress,
He touched the canvas, and at last
Failure became complete success.

An Epitaph.

“MAY God rest his soul,”
Saith the legend quaint :
“Amen,” saith my heart,
“Be he wretch or saint.”

Now that he is dead,
Even foes must feel,
After years of hate,
Softened feelings steal.

Gaze, thou deep-blue sky !
Bloom, ye church-yard flowers !
Breeze, blow soft ! for soon
His fate shall be ours.

Out of Sight of Land.

GRAY, foaming sea on every side,
Above, the curving dome of sky ;
Now high, now low, our ship doth glide,
The while the wet-winged sea-birds cry.

Oh, sky, dost bend to clasp the sea ?
Oh, sea, dost to the heaven aspire ?
By love, the lord, the serf, the free,
May glow each with the self-same fire.

Foam dashes o'er the staggering bark,
A following wind swells full the sail ;
The chillness of the evening dark
Increases with the blustering gale.

Well, some there be whose chief delight
Lies aye in flying o'er the wave,
To whom the shrill winds bring no fright,
Who shrink not from an ocean grave.

The flapping sail, the rattling ropes,
The groaning timbers' strident moans,
May well accord with sailors' hopes,
For whom there's joy in ocean's tones.

But as for me, give me the vale,
The mountain dark, the clustering trees ;
Give me my home—then farewell sail !
Farewell the music of the seas !

Violets.

ACROSS the rippling brook,
And up the grassy hill,
My careless way I took
Filled with the springtime's thrill.

I clambered over the wall
Whereby the wild flowers bloom,
I heard the robins call
And crows from forest gloom.

There on a sun-loved slope,
Half hid by grass and vine,
I found thee, springtime's hope,
Oh sweet-breathed violet mine.

Year after year hath fled,
Friend after friend hath died,
Yet oft I see the bed
Where grass and vine abide.

Again I catch the gleam
Of brooklet far away,
Again woods waving seem,
The lights and shadows play.

Oh violets, violets sweet,
What days were those of old !
What words did woods repeat !
How warm were lips now cold !

Only Pearls.

[Suggested by a German Story.]

AN Arab 'mid the desert sands
Had lost his way ; with fevered breath
To heaven he raised his trembling hands.
Expectant of the coming death.

When, lo ! upon the ground he sees
A leathen bag—the wild sand whirls—
“I prayed for food,” he gasped, “but these,
Oh, God in heaven, are only pearls !”

In The Mist.

I KNOW not where my boat is drifting,
For fog hangs o'er the sea and shore ;
It seems as though the sunbeams, rifling
The dusky clouds, would shine no more.

Wild sea-gull o'er the billow flying,
Wild billow dashing ever on,
Tell me is daylight slowly dying,
Or doth it dawn with glimmer wan ?

But, hark ! There comes the sound of singing,
The fisher's song from shore I hear,—
Still to vain life my soul is clinging,
Straight for the song my course I'll steer.

Songs without Words.

I REMEMBER the dreamy beauty
Of an afternoon in the past,
When the golden warmth of summer
O'er hill and lake was cast.

I dallied, "half-waking, half-sleeping,"
'Neath the murmurous maple shade,
The whiles in the pleasant parlor
My darling gently played.

It was Mendelssohn she was playing
Oh, that beautiful wordless song !
Its melody perfect melted
In cadence sweet and long.

For the bees were busily humming,
And the wild birds tunefully sang,
And waving grass in the meadow
With quails' shrill whistle rang.

White clouds o'er the heavens went sailing,
Soft breezes melodiously stirred,
And melting in Nature's music
My darling's song was heard.

Now whenever I hear the music
Of that beautiful wordless song,
My thought speeds back to the mountains,
Fond recollections throng.

I think of the dear, sunny parlor,
Of the music of birds and bees,
Of the floating clouds slow passing
Wind borne on skyey seas.

Again my beloved is playing—
The sweetness and pathos above
I hear that wonderful music—
The wordless song of love.

Boreas.

ACROSS the street the pine-trees wave,
With a voice of mourning, to and fro ;
The shutters closed give a hint of the grave,
And the crape at the door tells a tale of woe.

No more, no more, from a wealth of flowers
Shall wise young eyes those sweet looks cast ;
The blossom that came to this clime of ours
Hath withered before the northern blast.

Haymakers.

OH, brown-armed farmers piling
Great heaps of meadow hay,
Your healthful hours beguiling
With rustic roundelay.

Whence cometh your merry singing,
When your toil is so hard and long?
Doth the note of the wild bird singing
Teach you your happy song?

Snow Pictures.

THE snow flakes trembling fall adown,
Pale wanderers from an unknown land ;
The oaks, with ragged foliage brown,
Like beggars, in the silence stand.

Yet through the maze of falling snow
I see the Summer roses blush,
And song-bird's music, sweet and low,
Comes welling from the Wintry hush.

Nearness of the Loved One.

FROM GOETHE.

I THINK of thee whene'er the sun's last glimmer
From seaward beams ;
I think of thee whene'er the pale moon's shimmer
In fountains gleams.

I see thee, too, when eddying dust is playing
On far-off way ;
At dead of night, when, at yon bridge delaying,
Late travellers stay.

I hear thee, too, when, with a dashing hollow,
The great waves thrill ;
The silent paths of groves I listening follow,
When all is still.

I'm by thy side ; and, though thou art far from me,
Thou still art near !
The sun is sinking, soon the stars will light me,—
Oh, wert thou here !

Echo.

THERE is a dell by mossy rocks surrounded,
Loved by the trees that sigh and stretch their arms ;
There is a brook by banks all flowery bounded,
That sings unconscious of the world's alarms.

Melodiously "ripple, ripple," trembling,
Like the rich alto of a woman's song,
How sweet to one heart-sick of life's dissembling,
That wood-brook's murmur gently steals along.

Lulled by the softness of that dreamy singing,
Soothed by the slumbrous quiet of the dell,
Pleased by the whispered tales of fond vines clinging,
To rocks that grew less hard when loved so well,

I laid me down and thought : "Alas what meaneth
My life forespent, my days fast gliding by ?
I who had thought to reap, am he that gleaneth,
Nor ever come the days for which I sigh.

"Shall not my future days be richly golden?"
"Be richly golden," came a welcome voice.
"In scorning ill-won wealth am I beholden
To think my heart hath made an unwise choice?"

"Wise choice, wise choice," dear Echo sweetly answers,
The while that murmurous stream goes singing on,
And fairy seeds float through the air like dancers,
"Wise choice," doth nod the birch-tree tall and wan.

"Love, truth, and poetry, are life's best treasure,
Give me this wealth, I ask for nothing more."
"Love, truth, and poetry," pleased beyond measure,
Forth did my Echo her glad answer pour.

An August Walk.

UPON the hill-sides gleams the golden-rod ;
 "It looks like sunshine," hath a dear one said
Oh, lovely sunshine waving to and fro,
Oh, warmth of heaven glowing on the earth,
Enter my heart and keep away the cold
Of avarice and self ; like Vestal flame,
Beam, sunshine, in my heart forevermore !
There are the clustered daisies, salvers fit
For elfin banqueters to feast upon ;
Gold is the centre, pearl the bordering—
Golden and pearl, the streets and gates of heaven.
Yon buttercup doth shine all golden too,
For Nature's lavish of her wealth these days,
And just as Zeus of old to Danae
Came floating downward in a shower of gold,
So Nature floods the earth with yellow wealth ;
Or, like a queen, she rides the broad fields through
And scatters largess sweetened by her smile,
Until the poorest dweller in the land
May equal kings in wealth of flowery gold
Blue-curls are nestling in the grass, and seem
To image forth the sky in azure tints ;
It well may be that mermaids, when they rise
Dripping and rosy from the ocean blue
Have hair like this ; it may be that the sprites
Who haunt the blue mist of the distant hills
Bind up cerulean tresses such as these.
There blooms the yarrow ; 'tis a sturdy plant ;
It minds me ever of the good old times,
When work was piety, adornment, sin ;
He's not ashamed, my yarrow, to be seen
In all the glory of the August gold :
His home-spun white is good enough for him,
And if the foppish like it not, he asks

Only severely to be let alone.
Blue harebells waving in the summer breeze,
I seem to catch the music of your chime,
Albe it sounds but faint in cadence sweet
Coming from distant vale of fairy-land.
Is it a wedding ye do celebrate?
This must it be, so softly sweet you sound,
So full of music, beauty, love and truth.

Summer.

THE cherries blush amid the dark-green leaves
The robin, tawny-breasted, dusky-winged,
With whirl of pinions seeks his favorite tree.
How skilfully with wise, black, bead-like eyes
He scans the various fruits, unerringly
Selects the ripest, and with yellow bill,
The guiltless robber, makes a regal feast !
The wind goes to and fro with murmurous sigh,
And calls to mind old ocean's ceaseless dash
On far-off headlands ; dreams of snowy sails
Becalmed at the horizon wake to life,
And visions of the sea by moonlight come
With all the loveliness of softened light,
And mermaids sporting in the summer foam.
The hum of swarming bees is in the air,
See how the homeless wanderers cluster there,
And darken yonder branch in frightened throngs !
The fondling breeze gentlier than many a nurse
Sways the dark branch and hums a lullaby.
Under yon tree a white-haired traveller sleeps,
Dreaming perchance of distant mountain-sides,
Perchance of friends who sleep the sleep of death.

The Spirit of the Mountain.

A MOUNTAIN scene : high, beetling crags
Adorned with wealth of sombre trees ;
Haunts of the keen-eyed, antlered stags,
And home of many a murmuring breeze.

Lo ! from the hillside's very heart
A fountain gushes pure and clear
As tears that all unbidden start
From maiden's eyes through sudden fear.

Ah, this is beauty ! All that art
Hath taught mankind since time began,
Is fragmentary, a mere part
Of the vast whole of Nature's plan.

See ! lurking in the forest gloom,
A hunter stands with bow and shaft,,
Heedless of crags and wild flowers' bloom,
Well versed in woodman's murderous craft.

What care hath he for glorious peak
Aglow with sunbeams' golden light ?
He will not list when blossoms speak,
Naught heedeth he winds' whispers slight.

For in yon vale, with head erect
And branching antlers high in air,
Doth stand a stag whose thirst unchecked
Hath led him to the streamlet there.

A noble creature with an eye
Tender and proud, with limbs all grace,—
One may not depths of thought descry,
But sinlessness is in that face.

The bow is bended, and the shaft
Is fitted to the quivering string.
Can wild-wood breezes freely waft
That deathful and unrighteous thing?

See ! See ! behind the noble deer
The mists that haunt the wooded hill
Have ta'en a giant shape of fear,
To guard the threatened one from ill.

The Spirit of the Mountain stands
With frowning brow and angry eyes,
The while his high upraised hands
Forbid the guilty sacrifice.

Down falls the hunter's ashen bow,
Droppeth the arrow to the ground,—
In speechless fear and bending low,
He hears in echoing thunder's sound :—

*"God cares for all. Thy fierce hand stay!
For in the thought of Heaven above,
Know 'tis a fearful thing to slay
The object of thy Maker's love."*

The Arabian Horse.*

NEAR the Turkish victor's tent
Lies the wounded Arab chief ;
On the ground his eyes are bent,
Misty with a poignant grief.

In the morning he must be
To some petty prince, a slave ;
Doubly hard to spirit free
Such a fate, worse than the grave.

Round his limbs the leathern thongs
Press with unrelenting zeal.
How the bleeding captive longs
For a friend with ready steel !

Hark ! He hears a whinnying call
From the horses tethered near,
Yes, and from their voices all,
Knows the one to him so dear.

As the sailor loves his bark
Dashing on its ocean course,
Thus the free-born Arab dark
Loves his beautiful, swift horse.

So, the captive creeps along
Painfully on hands and knees,
Drawn by yearning deep and strong,
Till once more his steed he sees.

"Ah ! poor friend," with tears he sighs,
 "What hast thou to do with Turks ?
Sorrow dims thy captive eyes,
 All around thee danger lurks.

Nevermore shall women bring
 Pleasant draughts of camel's milk,
Ne'er shalt hear their voices sing,
 Ne'er shalt feel their touch of silk.

Thou shalt never eat again
 From the hollow of my hand.
Prisoned in this hostile glen
 Who can hope for native land ?

O'er the pathless desert sand,
 Punished, though thou hast not sinned,
Ne'er shalt run thy races grand
 Swifter than Egyptian wind.

Never shall thy noble chest.
 Whiter than the Jordan's foam,
Its tumultuous waters breast,
 As thou rushest to our home.

Stay ! A thought comes to my mind :
 I'm a slave, but be thou free !
Thou the homeward way shalt find.
 Thou my wife again shalt see.

Tell her, dashing o'er the sands,
That her husband comes no more ;
Lick my little children's hands,
Stand within the tent's low door."

Thus he speaks, and gnaws the while
Through and through the goat's-hair cord,
Till it yields, and lo ! a smile
'Scapes the courser's captive lord.

Now the noble steed is free,
But with instinct sure and fleet
There his master he doth see
Bleeding, fettered at his feet.

Low he bends that perfect head,
Grasps with teeth the chieftain's girth,
Then with nostrils wide outspread
Seeks the dear land of his birth.

On and on o'er desert wastes
Gallops arrow-swift the horse,
All unspurred, unbeaten hastes
On his self-appointed course.

Thus he gains his master's tent,
Bears him to his darling's eyes,
Then by weariness o'erspent,
Trembling staggers, falls and dies !

The New Year.

TO the dashing sea of time a ship sails forth to-day,
The wind fills every sail, and the rippling billows play
Around the plunging prow with sweet and lulling song,
While the banners flutter free, and the good ship speeds
along.

Whither away, O ship, on the sounding sea of time?
To the land where northern skies flush with a glow
sublime?

Afar to sunny shores where rivers run with gold,
Where forest, vale, and hill, are rich with wealth untold?

Methought the ship replied: "I go to a distant land,
Where jewels and ruddy gold await my fearless band.
Laden with wealth and fame I'll come to my own dear
home,
Like sea-bird, o'er the wave through white flowers of its
foam."

O ship, with flaunting flag and beauty of snow-white sail,
May thy voyage be full of joy, may'st thou weather every
gale!
Laden with precious freight, may'st thou reach thine own
dear home,
Aglow with the sunset hues, through the lily-flowers of
foam!

The Old Red School-house.

BENEATH the light of Franklin skies
The old red school-house stood,
And like a bird that homeward flies,
O'er sea and mount and wood,

So memory, with unerring flight,
Speeds to the misty past,
Home, ever home, through dark or light,
Till home is gained at last.

The old red school-house on the hill !
What varied thoughts arise
Of merriment, of joy, of ill,
Of innocent surprise !

Again I hear the laughter sweet,
The music and the song,
And once again with pattering feet
The barefoot legions throng.

Oh rough the benches, plain the room,
Cobwebbed the window-panes,
And musically sad the gloom
Of long autumnal rains.

Beneath the ill-adjusted door
The snow-flakes drifted through,
Through crack and crevice, o'er the floor,
The white-winged snow-flakes blew.

The winds about the bending caves
 Tempestuous vigils keep,
Or moan like tired child that grieves,
 And sobs itself to sleep.

The bright kaleidoscope of flowers,
 From early spring till fall,
Beguiled the pupil's youthful hours
 Near Learning's humble hall :

The wind-flower, fragile as a breath,
 The blue eyed violet,
The Indian pipe, that hints of death,
 The May-flower, dewy wet ;

Hepaticas amid the snow
 Their rounded leaves display,—
On mount above and hill below
 Are myriad blossoms gay.

I mind me of the mellow note,
 what time the spring was young,
From dream-land did the music float,
 The sweetest song e'er sung?

Oh blue-bird's song, so glad before,
 So sweetly mournful now,
Ah nevermore, ah nevermore
 From budding maple bough,

So eager, shall I wait thy note,
 For down the vale of years
The tones of echoing memory float
 And fill my eyes with tears.

Those days are gone, and now they build
The school-house grand and high,
With every new equipment filled,
With towers that pierce the sky.

But what avail or brick or stone,
Or books or new device?
The spirit of the school alone
Is what is worth the price.

And what though starry banners flout
The circumambient air,
If aliens crowd the Bible out,
And slight the Lord's own prayer?

Our fathers builded on a rock,
Why choose the sons the sand?
Shall we who come of Pilgrim stock
Disown the Pilgrim band?

Rise, fair Columbia, from the shore
Of thine Atlantic deep,
Proclaim the word forevermore
From wooded steep to steep :

*"No alien law shall rule my land;
The Pilgrim sires were right:
For God and Liberty I stand,
Regnant through gloom and light."*

‡

And, answering from Pacific's waves,
The glad refrain shall ring :
*"Columbia is no land for slaves,
God is Columbia's King."*

Southern Berkshire.

To M. I. Van B.

IF thou dost love old Nature, old yet young,
And long to find her in her home of homes,
Go to the Berkshire Hills ; there shalt thou find
A sea of mountains high on every side
No whit abashed to gaze on heaven itself,
Cloud-watched, beloved of the royal bird
That Jove did joy to make his minister ;
There shalt thou find forests still, mazy, wild,
Pathless as woods primeval, where the sound
Of acorns pattering down the shaggy oaks
Is interruption, where thy weary brain
Forgets the din and meanness of the town,
And where thy heart is filled with the wild joy
Of coming home. Oh, there are lovely spots !
I mind me now of a tremendous hill.
Shaggy with bristling trees, impenetrable,
Guarded from near approach by ways too steep
For fair-day travellers, an imperial hill ;
Out from its heart there wellet forth a stream
Well shaded, cold and pleasant to the taste,—
The spring is all hemmed in by crowding trees,
And silent creeps, until it cometh on
Unto a rough, gray rock green with the moss
That the departing years have left as gifts,
Down this old rock the water splashes fast
With lulling murmur ; one might fall asleep
And dream of Virgil's sweet Sicilian bloom
That fed fair Hybla's drowsy, humming bees.

Perpetually fresh and cool and green
That rock stands in the silent forest wild,
Sweet contrast to the hurry and the change
Of human habitations ; years have passed
Since first that stream came rippling through the leaves,
Dead leaves, once living, like the throngs that soon
Shall glow with Autumn splendors. Years have flown,
Yet doth the cold, chaste stream flow murmuring down.
I walked the woods alone, for Nature hates
The crush of thoughtless and unfeeling crowds,
Nor will she bring her treasures to light
Save to the faithful, to the souls whose stars
Have marked them Nature's lovers from the first.
I walked the woods alone, and joyous found
The pale and graceful bellwort, found the flower
Whose name bears record of a vanished race,—
Pink pied with white the flower of Moccason.
In Spring the yellow violets greeted me,
The violet yellow which our poet seer,
The Nature-loving Bryant, fondly praised,—
And frail hepaticas pale blue, and white,
And fair Spring-beauty haunter of the woods,
Windflowers too tender to endure the storm
Of passionate love, when comes the roistering wind,
Bloodroot, that loves the rocky hillsides, grew
For me among the mountains ; best of all,
The trailing arbutus, its blossoms hid,
More sweet for being hidden, since to man
The difficult to reach, the coy, seems best.
Dear heart, dost thou remember that one day
Upon the mountain side amid the rain ?

Dost thou recall the flowers we sought to find
And found but sparsely? Ah, that arbutus,
The little that we gathered, blooms again
Before mine eyes, and incense-like its breath
Steals through the air,—the sun-shower falls again
Like a baptism of propitious heaven.
Few flowers we found, but all for us alone
Came blooming up a flower of perfect love,
Whereof the blossoms shall eternal be,
Since age but makes them fairer ever fair.
Sweet dew of falling years makes them more fair,
Oh, love, Oh, love ! Thy power o'er human hearts
Is mightier than the sway of passions fierce,
Thy thralls, that often seize the soul of man.
As when the master of some castle proud
Returneth from his journeys over sea,
And awes to silence all the yelping packs
Of dogs that soon will do his bidding firm ;
So, when Lord Love comes to the human heart,
Ambition, Avarice, and Fear and Pride,
And cankering Envy, and the scorn of good,
And all the passions that erst vexed the soul,
Crouch down and own their master, deathless love.
Oh, Berkshire Hills, if man could ever love,
Here must he love most fondly, for abroad
O'er hill and vale and forest-loving lakes
There is an atmosphere, a sense of home.
Hills, ye have ever nurtured with your charms
Poets and lovers of the good and true.
Here dwelt in summer days Old Harvard's pride,
The poet-humorist whose gladsome songs

Have been the joy of banquets ; Holmes, dear Holmes,
In thine own heart hast thou found welling up
The fount of ageless youth ; I see thine eye ;,
Thy firm, quick step, thy merry, genial smile,
I hear the laugh that ripples down the board
At thy keen, kindly jest ; magician thou,
Who hast the key to ope the treasury
Of smiles or tears, inimitable Holmes !
And hither came that shy, half ghostly man,
Who had he lived in old, colonial days,
Had held belief in witches, devil's marks,
Elf-children, changelings, and the ghastly brood
Of ghouls and sprites that vex the innocent ;
He would have gone at dead of murky night,
Warned by some sign in heaven, or omen dark,
To join the revels of the devil's own ;
The Black Man's mark upon him had he found,
To hear the wind moan restless had he joyed,
And sigh of trees toward evening's duskiness
Had been to him sweet music, sweeter far
Than half-prosaic sounds of city life.
And living when he lived, he walked and wrote,
As one who liveth in a vivid dream,
Divine somnambulist ! They dulcet prose
Hath all the strength of bleak New England rocks
Of wave-beat cliffs unheedful of the waves ;
Yet is there sweetness of the Mayflower bloom,
And mellowness of rich Italian skies,
And through thy words there ever shrewdly breathes
The wit that comes from keen, New England air.
There was another bard whose home was here,

A man who needed not to cross the sea
To gather themes for song, his native hills,
Rich in romance, with charms beyond compare,
Wooed him to sing their praises that shall live ;
The legends of the red men who had lived
And died within the shadows of these hills,
Found him a true interpreter ; the brooks,
The hills, the forest and the changeful sky,
All Nature, aye were dear unto his heart.
The mountains gave him of their majesty,
The forests whispered deep, poetic thoughts,
The flowers sent breezy kisses to his soul,
And gave him grace and sweetness for all time.
Oh, mighty soul, how must thy heart have throbbed,
When here among the hills thou foundest her,
Thy Genevieve, thy life, thy love, thine all !—
Sweet Genevieve the flower of mountain flowers !
Here, too, before the Indians passed away,
Lived Edwards, mightiest thinker of the land,
Before whose heaven-enlightened mental powers
Dark questions grew as clear as purest gems.
Here from the rugged home, among the hills,
Like river flowing from some hidden source,
Rushed on the current of his splendid thoughts
Out to the sea of thought that aye doth surge.
He could not wander on the mountain-tops
And gaze at will on beauty matchless, rare,
And not believe the will of man is free.
Like Byron “standing on the Persian’s grave
He could not deem himself a slave,”—he felt
Dear Freedom’s breezes blowing round his head,

He saw the wild birds fly from tree to tree,
Or poised in mid air, burst into a song,
Whereof the ecstasy did bear them up.
He knew that he could cast himself adown
That crag stupendous o'er whose silent brow
The dusky maiden leaped, because she loved
Her kinsman, one too near to be so dear.
And so he taught the world that man is free,
And man became more manly for his words,
Living a life far nobler than the Turk's,
Who murmurs "Kismet" ere he dares to will.
I mind me now of two memorial stones,
One, fair, of polished granite, with the name
Of Edwards on its face ; where two roads meet
It stands clear brilliant, like the dead one's mind ;
Stands in a fresh, green plot, where men may see
And be more manly for the dead one's thought,
I say "the dead one" using but the words
As men are wont to use them—well I know
That mind is deathless as the law of right.
The other stone stands in a shaded place
Where willows ever wave, and stately elms
Keep out the glare of day ; a rugged base
Of rough stones in a rounded heap supports
A single stone like those which Druids raised
In far off Britain, or 'tis wondrous like
Unto the obelisks of Egypt's sands.
The woodbine clusters round the rugged base,
The woodbine clammers up the tall, dark stone
And strives to hide the words that simply say
That here in bygone days the Stockbridge tribe
Of Indians had their "Ancient Burial Place,"
And that these dusky hunters of the wilds
Were friends unto our fathers,—there I mused
One more than perfect day, beneath the trees,
And dreamed of bygone races passed away,

Of Indian-lovers, for their loves they had,
And dusky hues oft faithful hearts conceal :
Their wars, their festivals, their wild, free life,
Their simple and unquestioning belief
In the Great Spirit and the Happy Grounds,
Where, freed from earth, the spirit roams at will.
Who ever heard of Indian atheist?
Man shuts himself within his house of wood,
Broods o'er his fancied wrongs and wonders why
God does not rule the universe as man,
Then doubts and questions, if there be a God,
Then makes a bestial deity of self—
Not so the roamer of the hills and dales,
Who knows their phases doth of storm and shine,
Who sees the mists rise slowly to the heavens,
And feels the beauty of the falling rain ;
Who watches mass on mass of floating cloud
Warming with gladsome hues what time the sun
Comes from his loving sea or sinks adown.
There is a God for one whose eyes hath seen
A tempest mid the mountains, who hath felt
The speechless joy that perfect beauty brings :
There is a God for every man who loves
A loving woman—chance, blind accident,
Or brutish matter, can they give us love?
Why e'en Rousseau, they tell us, used to go
To hold communion with the spirit high
That ordered Nature ; man is not yet man
Until he trusts in God and heeds his law.
There is another spot that legend old
Hath made romantic ; Laurel Hill 'tis called ;
The narrow path goes slowly winding up
Past chestnut trees and fair-leaved laurel shrubs,
Turning and turning, till the top is gained.
The day I climbed that gentle, little hill
A good old man of more than eighty years
Served me as guide ; the harvest of dead leaves
Rustled beneath our feet, the laurel-flowers

White, pure, symmetrical, like blooms of wax,
Scarce nodded to the breezes ; up we went
And reached the cleared space at the hillock's top.
Thick woods around.—no broad inclusive view,
But quiet deep and peace, and sough of wind.
A rock at one side of the open space
Stands hard and gray, fringed with the wildwood moss,—
A rock most like an altar—here, they say,
An Indian maid was offered to the gods,
And from this offering the rock was called
The Rock of Sacrifice—why did she die.
This dark Iphigeneia? Did some plague
Oppress the people? Did a warrior make
Like Jephtha, some irrevocable vow?
I see her now, “the beautiful, the young,”
Walk proudly up the path my feet have trod,
Mid wailing dirges and the music rude
Of comrades mourning for a cureless woe.
Here, at this rock, her long hair streaming down,
Her thoughts on earth more than on heavenly things,
She meets unflinching the atoning knife,
And spills her blood that all the tribe may live.
Oh, hills, dear hills, such storied haunts are yours !
And lakes are yours, pure, silent, deep and cool,
Fit for a soul that would philosophize,—
I see Lake Averic, its bordering trees
Are mirrored in the waters, joyous notes
Of laughter echo, and the splash of oars
Tells of the nearing boats with precious load
Of maidens beautiful as nereids.
Such are thy scenes Oh, Berkshire ! I have told
Barely a tithe of stories that men tell
Of thy divine retreats ; thou art a land
Of legends and of charms that pen might strive
To picture but in vain, no poet yet
Hath done thee justice ; thou art what thou art !
My darling, take these lines, poor though they be
For love hath been my guide and whispers aye,
“How fair is she, how noble, good and true,”
And with love ever urging me to write
I cannot sit with languid, idle pen,
But write my thoughts perforce, with burning hope
That they may please thee in thy Berkshire home.

The Pilgrims.

A DASHING sea, a barren shore.
Black woods, the haunts of ruthless foes,
Starvation peering through the door,
And sickness with its cureless woes.

Loud rings the Indians' yell of hate,
Loud screams the north wind's cutting blast,
While many a heart succumbs to fate,
And many a hero breathes his last.

Dash, sea, with thine unceasing surge,
Howl, storm, and fly, thou white-winged snow !
Through tempest, cold, and dear ones' dirge,
God tests his heroes here below.

To threats of war that dauntless band
An answer full of spirit made ;
What though averse were sea and land,
They stoutly built the palisade.

And 'mid the darkest of their days,
Their fast they kept, their prayers they said ;
They lifted high the hymn of praise,
And only whispered of the dead.

They stood the crucial test of God
Who blest their patience and their toil :
Now sacred is the very sod
Of dear New England's rocky soil.

The Reluctant Muse.

WHERE art thou lingering, Muse of my love,
Oldentime favorite, sprite from above?
Eagerly longing thy beauty to see
Wanders disconsolate thy devotee.

Many and many a long year ago
Songs free as rivulets eager did flow,
Blossoms and breezes and joyous birds' glee
Wakened the echoing heart throbs in me.

Now, though the rivulets rush to the sea,
Now, though the hyacinths gladden the lea,
Though oftentimes comes a hint of the past,
Round it a phantom-like vapör is cast.

Is then the present the ghost of the past?
Were my first pleasures more real than the last?
Lingering Muse of the oldentime days,
Bring me thy answer, dispel the thick haze.

List! Is she coming? A presence is felt—
Softlier cadence in cadences melt,
Bluer the azure sky than erst it seemed,
Fair bloom the flowers as in old days they beamed;

*"Manhood hath duties that youth knoweth not,
Stern and sterner doth grow mortal's lot;
Yet will the man who is wisest in truth
Cling undismayed to the instincts of youth."*

The Dying Child and the Angel.

"I must give them up," said the dying child,
"The sunshine and the flowers,
The lovely rose and the lily-cup
That grew by the woodland wild ;
And the sweet blue sky I love so well,
With the big white clouds in splendor piled,
And the crimson and gold and violet hues
That come at the ope and shut of day,
As they always came when I used to play
'Mid morning and evening dew.
"I must give them up" said the dying child,
"But oh, how I love them, none can tell."

"I must give them up," said the dying child,
"The rainbow and the flowers,
The lovely arch, like a garden fair,
Of violets, roses yellow and red,
Nestling 'mid green leaves,
Gentians taking their place between,
With orange jewel-weed,
And sky of violets all around,—
Sky of flowers or a sea,
A great blue sea of flowers.
I must give them them up," said the dying child,
"But oh, how I love them, none can tell."

"I must give them up," said the dying child,
"The song of the brook at play,
Music of birds at morn and eve,
Robins singing their vesper hymns
Or saying a good-night prayer,
Songs from the top of the waving elm
From oriole's throbbing orange breast,
Phœbe's cry so sad and sweet,

Whip-poor-will's strange cry,
Meadow-lark with his flood of song,
And whistle of the quail.
I must give them up," said the dying child,
"But oh, how I love them, none can tell."

"I must give them up," said the dying child,
"My beautiful butterflies ;
From flower to flower they lightly flit
Beneath the summer skies,
When the wind sings love songs all day long,
And the roses blush with joy,
And the sunshine comes in a flood of gold,
And the air is amber wine,
And the breath of strawberries fills the air
As the breath of brine the sea.
I must give them up," said the dying child,
"But oh, how I love them, none can tell."

"I must give them up," said the dying child,
"The friends I love so well ;
Their smiles are sweeter than wildwood flowers,
Their voices gentler than summer breeze
When it comes from a bank of bloom.
No more the touch of a fair, white hand,
No more the gift of a blushing rose,
No more the nameless light of love
In the splendor of love-lit eyes,
No more that smile so dear to me.
I must give them up," said the dying child,
"But oh, how I love them, none can tell."

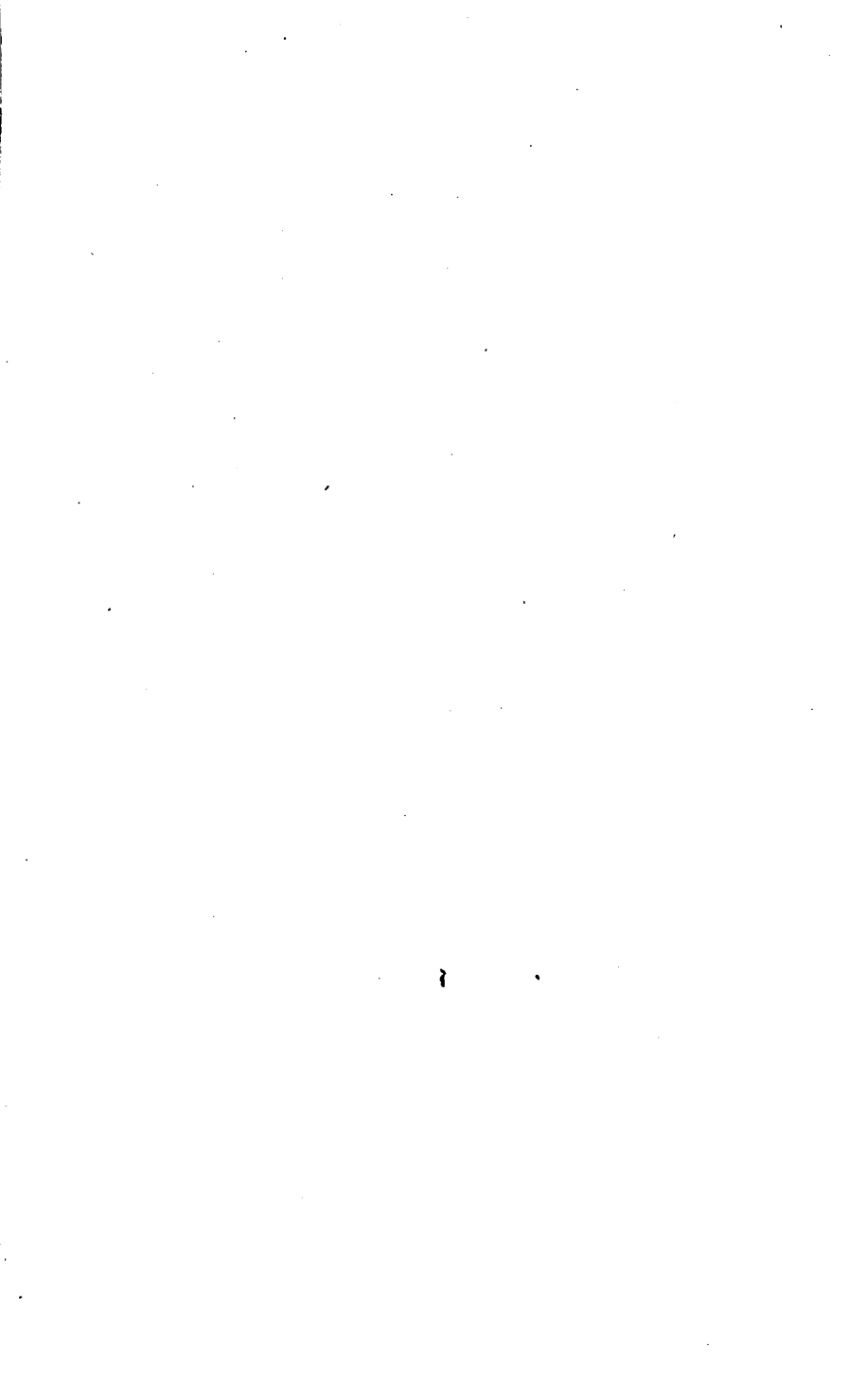
A hush : there came from the spirit land
A voice soft as evening breeze,—
A gentle touch from an angel hand
Brought hope and dreamy ease,

And a sweet voice said, as one may hear
Sweet words in a wordless song,
When the choirs of God seem very near
And "the life that is" seems long :
"O, darling child, there are flowers more fair
Than the fairest flowers of earth ;
There are skies and seas more beautiful,
There are gems of greater worth ;
There are evening hues and eastern skies
That glow with a gladder light ;
There are morning dews with brighter flash,
There are fairer charms of night ;
There are rainbow hues more brightly rich
Than the rainbow hues below,
And the songs of heaven far surpass
All music that you know ;
For the song of the angels free from sin,
Of angels filled with joy,
Is a song that will make the heart keep young,—
'Tis beauty without alloy.
The vesper hymns of the birds you love
Are only a hint and a sign
Of the vesper hymns of the birds of heaven
And their harmony divine.

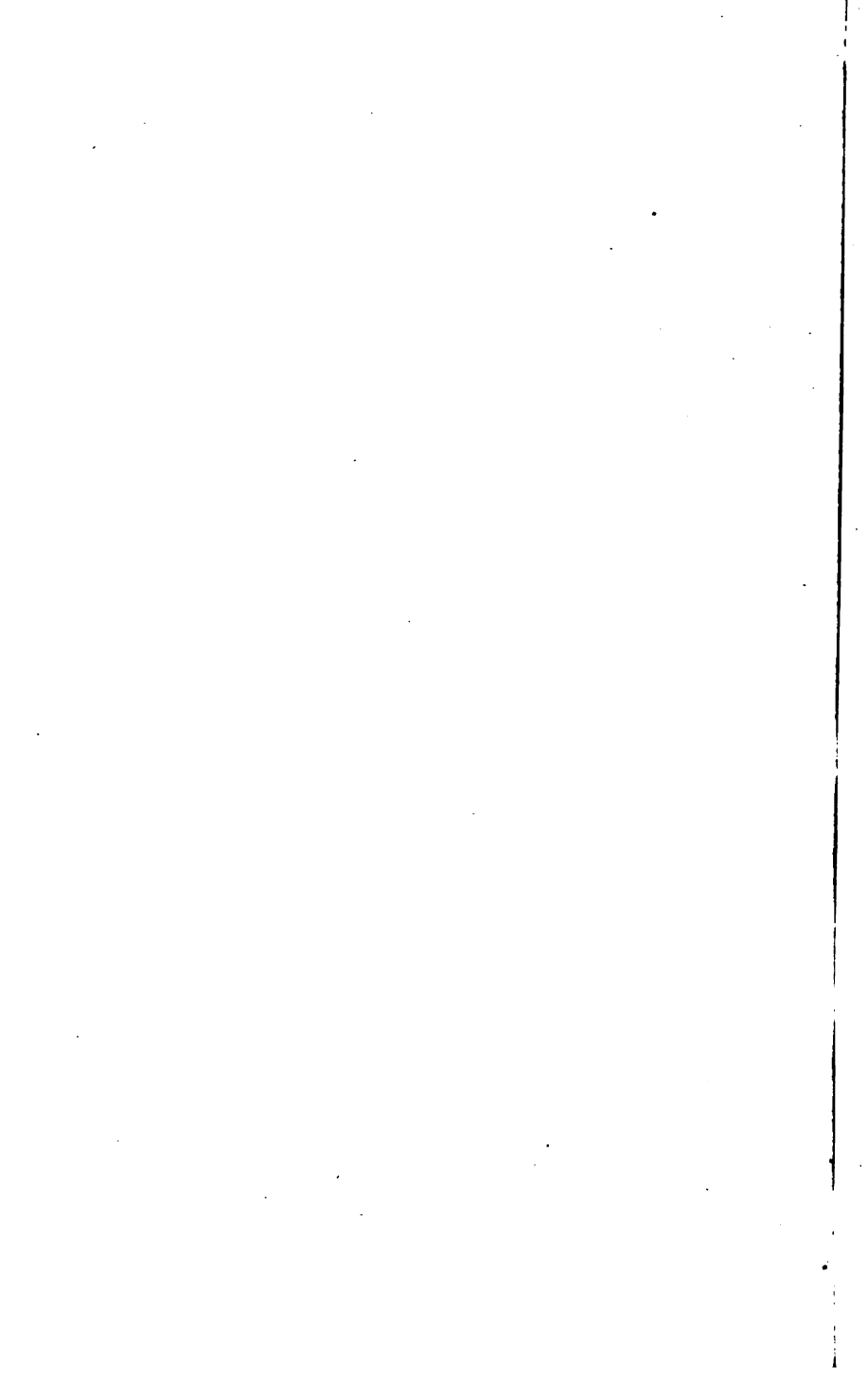
"A softer breeze, with its perfumed breath,
Blows through the cloud-wrapped land ;
Its lulling murmur is far more sweet
Than the distant sound of a summer sea,—
A summer sea with its rhythmic beat,
With its distant music grandly free,
On the summer shore of a sea-washed strand.
O, darling child, your golden flood
Of sunshine, radiant, rare,
With the mellow light of God's own home,
Never could I compare ;

And the amber wine of the summer air
Less fair, dear child, O far less fair,
Than the breath of the cloud wrapped land.
The breath that giveth immortal life
Is worth all pain of mortal strife,—
The breath of the cloud-wrapped strand.
O, darling child, the time shall come
When all the friends you love,
With the old-time smiles, shall be with you
In the happy land above,—
Again the nameless light of love
In the splendor of love-lit eyes,
The splendor of love that never dies
'Mid the beauty of God's eternal skies."

The child was still, but a radiant smile
Stole o'er that visage fair,
And I knew that the loveliest soul on earth
Was free from pain and care.
"Sweet child," I said, "thou art now at rest :
Great God of Heaven, Thou knowest best."







9/11/11





